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I AND ME

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Motives and Mechanisms of the Mind
Morality and Reality

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I AND ME

A STUDY OF THE SELF

by

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Six Lectures delivered for the
Home and School Council of Great Britain,
at the Friends' House, Euston Road,
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E.G.H.

*146 Harley Street, W.1.
June 1st, 1935*

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	<i>page 15</i>
--------------	----------------

I. THE SELVES	<i>page 33</i>
---------------	----------------

The scope of psychology; the falsehood of half-truths; the need to include metaphysics; the difficulty of language; the circle as a figure of speech; analysis of two aspects of Reality, described as 'A' and 'B'; some examples; the law of paradox and inevitable dualism; not two, but three, A, B and C; the insight of the Athanasian Creed; idolatry; the sensorial handicap; the scientific method; two selves, Ego and Emauton; selfishness; self-centredness and concentration; active and resting phases; the law of decay; Science as Mediator.

II. THE FAMILY	<i>page 67</i>
----------------	----------------

A case of anxiety; a four-year-old's dream; the circle and the square; balance; an axiom of relationship; conflict; anxiety and fear; false identification; the defensive 'me'; competitiveness and cooperation; the meaning of analysis; analysis of fear, inferiority, disappointment and fatigue; will-power; power and wisdom; love; two ways of fighting; revulsion; the right to interfere; the impersonal mediator of the law; lifeboat or lighthouse, heat or light?

III. SOCIETY	<i>page 103</i>
--------------	-----------------

'Fair treatment'; the negative of circumstance; defensive identification; the danger of idealism; some criticisms of Saint George; the 'dragon' within ourselves; Beauty and

CONTENTS

the Beast; the cowboy; the fallacy of competitiveness; circulation; Reality is a little mad; some paradoxes; the meaning of sacrifice; moral burglary; the creative way in education; relationships; unity and separation; Time and No-time; the acceptance of uncertainty; a way of living.

IV. SCIENCE

page 141

Definitions; external reality; the medium of observation; the subjective factor; revulsion unscientific; meaning of immorality; a plea for accuracy; sentimentality and crime; danger of purpose and the ulterior motive; pure and applied science; the missionary method; criticism of psychological critics; the need for humility; limitations; the meaning of proof; the science of dreams; the Time-law; the cinema as analyst; two kinds of analysis, reductive and balanced; the idolatry of sex; ignorance is not a bad thing; the function of Science.

V. MEDICINE

page 179

The physician's problem; relationship of body and mind; the vital force; instincts; the negative of circumstance; dis-ease and disease; the defensive negative; symptoms; the 'morality' of health and disease; flight from reality; the immunity of defencelessness; idolatry in the patient, the nurse and the doctor; a danger from anæsthetics; fear of death; some experiences of death; intuition; jujitsu; impartiality.

VI. RELIGION

page 213

A way of life; the wholeness; 'life more abundantly'; wish-fulfilment; Pleasure and Reality principles; circle and square, altar, flame and sacrifice; 'hard lines'; miracles are commonplace; magic; the power of language; the Name; simplicity and trappings; the accusa-

CONTENTS

tive attitude; moral judgement; three becomes four; the absence of finality; discrimination by a hair's breadth; teaching Scripture; a prayer of St. Francis; play; the way of women; hysteria; responsiveness and responsibility; hysteria and mysticism; courage and generosity; the ageing 'Now'; the Middle Way.

INDEX

page 251

The diagrams in the text were drawn by Mr. Charles Paine

‘God made himself an awful rose of dawn.’

—TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*

‘I see,’ said the Blind Man.

INTRODUCTION

Mind is the tool by which we touch our circumstance, to measure and often to control it so that it may become the servant of our desire. But what is this mechanism, this thing of words, this 'mind'? The word we use for it is very small, however large may be its meaning. It is significant that so many of the larger meanings, which we must most often use, are captured by such small words. Life, love, fear, will, law: it is as if mountains of meaning are precariously held within the limits of these verbal points.

Such words as these may mean so little or so much, anything or almost nothing, according to how they are used and what meaning they convey; to this extent they are even smaller in importance than the space they occupy. They are but skeletons at the feast of learning, catalysts in the chemistry of meaning's change, or sentries at the gate of understanding. But we must know the password that will let us in. What do these words hide within so little size and sound? How can we see through them to the meaning which they may contain? What is the light within their shadowed walls? Here is a problem in idolatry, and we must realize that we all worship, for better or

INTRODUCTION

worse, at the altar of words. They stand for something, but for that service we must pay a price.

Words solve no problem in themselves, for, used carelessly, they are tools which may so twist against us in our hands as to do us some great injury. Yet while we are at grips with Life, struggling from Birth to Death, they are our weapons. In each short span the language of experience flits across our anxious stage: what does it mean, this strange confusing symbolism of poetry and pain? We attempt to mirror it within our words, to subdue force to form, quarts to pint pots, balancing Eternity precariously within the limits of our space-time spoon. The marvel is that it can be done a little: but we must know how, and the price that we are called upon to pay.

Sometimes we say in full relief, 'Oh, I see!', feeling that it is indeed a comfort to see something in our darkness. But what do we see? No matter what our answer may be, that which we observe is to be seen always from two sides. There is the positive shown on the screen, and there is the negative that the same screen hides; the part obscures the whole, and that which is seen separates us from that which also is, but is not seen.

As each individual history unfolds its evolution within the multiplicity of experience, we must learn to speak our language before we know its meaning; and so it seems to grow upon us as if it were something which existed in its own right, full-grown from birth. It assumes all the solidity of material reality, and the immobility of a false finality. It is one of life's

INTRODUCTION

shocks, as it is also one of its greater pleasures, to discover the meaning of a word quite unexpectedly. The familiar form which has been so often used suddenly seems to take both wings and fire. Then in a flash the word has flown, the screen that seemed to give it definition has become transparent and we can at last see through the form to what it means. But here we find that there is no finality or fixedness, for meaning moves on wings of fire. It is not to be caught except in the transience of relationships, where fleeting points become defined as movements intersect.

Our experience of life becomes registered as language, feelings as forms, meanings as symbols; and thus we may be tempted to assume that these forms are something real in themselves, instead of more humbly 'representing reality'. Having made this handy means of reference, we then proceed to construct therefrom a world of illusion, which is as 'real' as the language in which it is described. With this convenient fiction of our language there are many things that we can do with Reality, but our measures of it must be limited by the limitations of our medium. We shall succeed in mediating the Reality of Life only in so far as we can burn our boats in launching them, as poets do. But we shall fail in that, mediating only the reality of our own illusion, if we use our words as values in themselves, as dogmas and idolatries, as is the way with superstitious people of all kinds, whether theirs be the dogma of the religious and devout, or of rationalistic rectitudinarians.

When we have made it, this language acts with

INTRODUCTION

predetermining insistence and it may turn out to be the Frankenstein monster which in course of time destroys the form of its creator. Through this pattern, etched upon the medium through which we look at life to find what we can see, we see more plainly what we are looking through, than that at which we are looking. Perhaps we notice some confusion as our vision is blurred by the scene that comes through from some unknown beyond; but this blurring and confusion is painful to our sense of precision. We feel sure that they should not be there, and so do all we can in the name of scientific accuracy to wipe our glasses clean again, so that we may see only the familiar pattern without interference from beyond.

The Truth may often thus be made foolish by our good intentions to improve upon it; but Science should not aim at being more than the handmaiden of Truth, the humblest servant of the pursuit of knowledge. By failing to recognize the limits implied by the anatomy of our logic, the best of our intentions may lead to ill-conceived conclusions. 'But we can prove it!' say these more ambitious professors of their own measures. 'Yes, of course you can prove it: but now will you show us *how* you prove it? If you use your own measures for your proof, by what do you test these measures? By reference to experience! But this is not science, this is the blind leading the blind, with no other guide than two conventional languages or accepted moralities which, although they are each other's image, are not for that reason necessarily to be regarded as infallible.'

INTRODUCTION

In order to employ the scientific method accurately and maintain it against much temptation to the contrary, it is necessary to adopt an attitude; namely, to stand aside, separated both from the tool or medium which is being used, and also from the object which is being observed. Detachment and impartiality are the first essentials for obtaining an accurate witness of the march and meaning of events; and this detached impartiality of the scientific method is the essential preliminary to all extension of our understanding of Reality. Detachment from the object observed is far more common than that equally important step of detachment from the object with which the observation is made, which is in general the medium of mind. If we are to be accurate in our results, it is no use keeping anything hidden up our mental sleeves, be it hypothesis, language or any other measure of our understanding, for it will be at this point that fallacy will enter. The scientist must recognize an inevitable dualism at every point: 'A is not B'. 'I am not me'. 'This is not that'. If 'me' is that consciousness of mind which is the weapon of the thinker, the convenient tool and measurer of experience, then we must also allow some consideration for the observer himself; for he not only lives, he also moves and interferes, according to his own selfish and often unobservant moods.

There is so much upon which to keep the observant and impartial eye, before the scientific method can be complete in its integrity. There is not only the observation but also the observer; there are not only these

INTRODUCTION

two, as A and B, but also a third factor, C, the mediator who stands between them. Through what medium is the observer looking at the object of his observation? What is the nature of his lens? Are there any errors of refraction in that medium? We must be careful to know all about the nature of this medium, or our most careful accuracy in the name of Science will be much worse than all in vain.

This medium through which we take our stock of 'Life' and make our measures of 'Reality', is 'mind', whatever that may mean. How much do we know of it as yet, that we may feel sure of anything, so that we can say 'This is Reality'? Yes, this is Reality *as we see it through this unknown medium*; but surely more than that we have no right to claim. This medium is not only our sense organs, which are notorious liars; it is also 'reason', and it would surely be a mistake to trust the impartial accuracy of such a child of the mixed parentage of doubtful motives. There are limits and flaws, there are simple misunderstandings and surreptitious self-deceptions, in this useful tool but complicated mechanism of the observer's mind.

The scientific method must understand the error of its tools and the limits of its measures: therefore it must extend beyond the material sciences before it can be safe from the most elementary fallacies of foolishness. It must include both Psychology and Metaphysics within its scope, and all the phenomena of life; even the childish foolishness of sentiments and sentimentalities, as well as the urgent longings of pious hopes and visionary dreams. It is not safe until

INTRODUCTION

it can extend its knowledge to all the unknown beyonds of experience, for there may always be something else which makes all the difference. In fact, there is no safety anywhere for Science. There is no stopping place beyond which it need not go, for Science is a method, an attitude towards experience; ~~it should not be exclusive~~, but should take all as it comes, as 'matter of fact', for tolerant acceptance, if not for comforting approval. If it is to be true to itself, Science cannot say, 'I do not like that, I will not go there'. That is the privilege of a convenient morality, which can reinforce doubtful desire by the added force of a moral compunction, saying, 'I want this; but what's more, I am quite sure I really *ought* to have it'. Science is not so favourably placed with privilege, for it is under the Law of Truth, which says, 'This is the Truth and so you *must* accept it'.

This extension of the scientific method, to include the intangible and the subjective, is taking place at many points with very remarkable results, although even now it is only beginning to scratch the surface of Life. The physical sciences have knocked the bottom out of the material universe: here, all that once was fixed is now found to be in relative movement. After that it should not be much use trying to fix anything, but man is a hopeful, if inconsistent, animal: he still tries to fix his idolatry, at the same time that he applies the scientific method to abolish the idol of his own creation.

Although it has made a beginning, the scientific method has not yet progressed far in its investigation

INTRODUCTION

of human relationships. It has not made much impression on psychology or philosophy, religion or law, politics or vested interests. But it is volcanically beginning, even in the most sacred haunts of privilege, to introduce its form-cracking and dogma-shaking policy. The walls of prejudice are not beyond the conquest of the scientific method, and gradually the cracks appear. But such attacks are greeted by the defenders with disapproving shouts of 'Stop, this is dangerous! Hands off, don't interfere! We must repair this damage and throw out this pestilent invader, for he is a *bad man* who ought to be locked up!'

It is in regard to Psychology, which has itself been advancing in line with movements in modern education, that the scientific method has not only done the greatest damage to the walls of prejudice, but has at the same time been made to appear most foolish. The scientific method was applied to mental function and behaviour, and the cat was let out of many a privileged bag of darkness. In spite of repeated frantic cries of protest, it is doubtful whether some of these cats have not to be reckoned as out for good. For instance, the study of motive has led to some sad shocks for apparent altruism. Science discovered what common sense had always known, namely, that things were not what they seemed to be, but were sometimes, strangely enough, exactly opposite. That was distressing, but worse was to follow. The scientific method was applied to dreams, which were for the first time regarded as phenomena, like feet, or the corns that sometimes afflict them. This was a sign of

INTRODUCTION

the times indeed, and Humpty Dumpty in his egg-shell of materialism would have been wise to have climbed down from the wall of prejudice before it fell with him, for he was doomed. The observer was himself to be observed! The apparently all too reasonable King of Mind was himself to be examined by a sub-committee, a mere panel of scientists! And worse: if this sort of thing is allowed to go on, even the examining psychiatrist himself must in the end submit to examination by a lunatic, a hysteric and a mystic, in case anything of value as evidence might be missed!

Here is cause for outcry indeed, that the scientific method should be claimed as reversible. It is so obviously good that the psychiatrist should examine the criminal, the pervert, the neurotic and the insane, for he will be quite impartial. So he claims to think; but will he? Within his limits, yes; but does he know his limits, the implied fallacies of his language and the obligations of his convenient classifications? He cannot claim to be impartial until he is prepared to submit to examination by all those upon whom he casts the imprisoning indignity of labels. Then his method may hope for accuracy of results, but until then it will make a fool of him; which is unnecessary, for the scientific method is a useful tool of great precision when it is properly used. But the fact remains: the scientific method is reversible, for it is a circular technique, and not merely a series of fixed points on a neat straight line.

Why has the scientific method taken such a long

INTRODUCTION

time to develop, and why does it seem so alien to the human mind? Even now it is quite apparent that scientists themselves are not at all sure about it; they can go a little way with it, but all too soon it becomes too hard a task for them to keep their feet upon this course and they revert to some pet system of their own convenience. By observation, which is the beginning of its method, this technique does seem to be almost too difficult for the human mind to compass. We well may wonder why that should be so.

To answer this question we must return, after the fashion of circles, to the point from which we started. Through what glass are we looking so darkly? What is the error of refraction in our minds that has crept into our language, to be defined and hidden in the foundations of our hypothesis? Whatever it is, seeing through it we shall see all our experience framed within its terms. This fallacy has the function of a God, for it has the essential primacy of being the true First Cause, at least of the Error of our ways.

We may assume that minds have grown: it is not too strange to imagine that we may have outgrown a hypothesis that was useful once but has since become outworn. We are becoming more self-conscious and analytical, but the more familiar currency of thought still maintains the existence in isolation of 'things-by-themselves'. It certainly was convenient to believe that some '*it*' just '*was*'. Then all these '*its*' were found to arrange themselves like beads on a string and were called an *event*, an *experience*, or a *series of facts*. They conformed cleverly to the ordered terms of life, which

INTRODUCTION

was just such a string of events neatly labelled *past*, *present* and *future* (which occasionally, however, became 'inscrutable' owing to Divine interference). Amidst the convenience of innumerable full stops there was an awkward point called *now*, which apparently would keep moving on. That could, however, be ignored if the future were called '*purpose*' and the past '*cause*'.

Out of such simple processes, in the abstractions of a separated medium called *mind*, did Philosophy and Theology grow. They built themselves houses to keep out the rain, and windows to keep out the light, for they were separatists, whose conventions were built on '*things-by-themselves*', conveniently classified as *good things* and *bad things*. If they were *good things* they would sit still, all by themselves: and within their little houses or conceptual structures they did. Society could be quite well organized according to such terms, provided that sufficient allowance were made for paradox, with punishment for crime, doctors for dis-ease, and religious anæsthesia for moral discomfort. Selfishness was then a crime, and the collecting and fixing of material acquisitions was the hallmark of progress.

But what if the inconsistencies and moral conflicts which were a necessary part of this system were due to it being built upon a false foundation? Supposing that mankind had been trying to fix a square peg into a round hole? Supposing that things were not fixed but mixed, not absolute but relative? Supposing the idiom of the language itself were wrongly phrased,

INTRODUCTION

and that life were circular, not straight; that Truth were always the balance of 'both this *and* that', not the 'either, or' of 'Yes to good and No to bad'? If this bold gesture of mankind's revulsion from evil is really at the base of so much error, then we must learn to change from the privileged revulsion of an exclusive morality to the acceptance of an all-inclusive scientific method. In fact, if the Truth like the earth be round, we must change the roots of language, as the medium of exchange of meaning, from the straight line to the circle. When our medium is right then we may expect that the rest will follow. But is it easy to effect so fundamental a change of idiom at the roots of language? It is not, and yet there are many signs that it is urgently required and also, to some extent at least, actually in course of being effected.

The time for fixing good absolutes and eliminating bad ones is over. It is no longer fashionable to be dogmatic, for the mood has changed, and it is only a matter of time for us all to recognize it. Wise Humpty Dumpty will slip down from their absolute eminences, and now must keep on slipping in the eternal flux of their passage through the illusory terminology of four-dimensional space-time. But it is very difficult, so let them bear in mind the essential Law, namely, 'I am not alone: we are always two'. (Of course, this is a very rude and inconvenient law, because it is reversible and to no one's apparent advantage, but there it is.) Not Euclid but Einstein: not absolute but relative: not straight but curved: not one but two: not either coming or going, but circulating: not

INTRODUCTION

either Cause or Effect, but always balanced both.

But now we are in a difficulty: for we must make our own language, or at least make the one which we use serve our purpose. The following pages are an experiment in using this basic idiom of the circle, with its ideas of balance and relativity, and so are framed in a circular form to express a circular fact in a circular idiom. The first chapter attempts to give the measure of the whole, to circumscribe the problem and, within its scope, define the idiom. The last chapter repeats the measure of the whole, but on a different level of the spiral. The middle four chapters are planned as concentric circles each beyond the other, like the layers of an onion. Thus the development of ideas is not in a serial straight line of logical satisfaction: it is by a series of 'burnings' under different conditions, and aims at the development of a wholeness that is not at all the same when its parts are separated from each other.

In making this language I have again made use of diagrams, but only that they also may be burnt. I should at this point make acknowledgement to one of my many teachers, Dreams. To me they appear as diagrams in poetry, moving patterns in a kaleidoscope of experience, flames of meaning, when they are rid of the scales of prejudice and the idolatry of the apparently ridiculous. I am largely indebted to them, born as they have been of the mixed parentage of analysis between patient and doctor, both for the inspiration and the definition of the ideas which are here set out. They have taught me how to make and use a lan-

INTRODUCTION

guage as the living image of experience, to be read between the lines.

I have again greatly dared to formulate my ideas and opinions without reference to authorities, past or present. For a work in which the word 'scientific' occurs with almost irritating frequency, this may seem unusual, but it has certain advantages for the reader and certain points of interest for the observer. To the writer it offers freedom from a responsibility that is too great. If we are to read at all from the authorities we must read enough, and they are many. Therefore better, perhaps, not to rely on them, but to draw from life instead. Indeed it would seem to be a tragedy to rely upon meanings learnt at second hand, when the book of Life itself is open. It seems certain that there has never been so awe-inspiring an opportunity for seeing within the lives of others, to watch and understand the movements of men's minds, as that which is open to the psychotherapist of these days. These lessons of experience must be my authorities, for which my patients are not to be held responsible, other than by having been to some extent instrumental in creating this responsiveness. The advantage to the reader is that it avoids many interruptions and footnotes, preserving at least that sense of unity which is expressed within the confusion of a single mind.

To the observer it presents a problem of design. In the ideas which are set out, what pattern is disclosed, and where and when has it been seen before? It is a fact that the design has been allowed to work itself

INTRODUCTION

out, growing from day to day and week to week, from about three months before the lectures commenced up to the moment when the last one was being given. The material of *Morality and Reality* and its sequel in the present book, has, however, been finding its definition during the last two years. What form has it found? To those who are more aware of the movements of philosophies, the answer to this question seems to be found in about the year 500 B.C. It would not be fair, however, to offer acknowledgments to Buddhism and Tao, because I feel sure that I have not gleaned my knowledge from the literature of such sources. For instance, I read Waley's *The Way and Its Power* after and not before I gave these lectures. I am well aware of the similarity of pattern between the teaching expressed in them and that presented so many years ago in the philosophic system of Tao. I am quite sure, however, that the source of the one is not to be found in the other: but rather that both owe their origin to a common source, namely, Life, the essential verities of which transcend both time and place.

I do not wish to claim originality for these pages, as I fully realize that they are only part of a tide of similar ideas, moving in many places and in many forms. Each observer can recognize this movement from his own viewpoint and within his own experience. It is certainly interesting to see similar patterns showing themselves from the different angles of many minds, apparently uninfluenced by each other: and all repeating a similar pattern provoked 2500 years ago, when Relativity's sweeping curves again broke

INTRODUCTION

the ordered bounds of Absolutism. Some 'scientists' (the inverted commas are there without rudeness, to put them in the place of their accepted limitation) would reject so fantastic a theory. I do not wish to advance any theory at all: what I wish to do is to put forward a statement of fact, as it has seemed to me to happen. Then I wish to ask a question (but not that it must be answered), 'What does it mean?' Science cannot afford to shirk questions because they are awkward, or to ignore phenomena which happen to look strange. That may be the way of some 'scientists': but it is not the way of the scientific method.

At the beginning of the year 1934 I promised myself to make a statement of the measure of my understanding, as at that point of movement. This I have been able to do, thanks to the kindness of the Home and School Council in giving me platform space and a sympathetic audience to whom to air my views. The theme was originated in *Morality and Reality: an Essay on the Law of Life* (Faber and Faber), in *The Causal Fallacy* (Lancet) and in this present volume, *I and Me: a Study of the Self*. I hope that it will shortly be followed by a third volume *Women and Men: a Study of the Sexes*.

I wish it to be clearly understood that these books are to be regarded as having been written from the Doctor's point of view and for the Doctor's purpose. I have no great interest in philosophy as such and certainly not the smallest training. I have, however, the greatest interest in medical psychology, and in this I have some experience, which I must try to understand. It has always been a help to me to clear

INTRODUCTION

my views by setting them in order upon paper. It is also a help to have a book of this kind to which the patient may refer, reading it in advance and thereby saving money, time and effort, knowing that 'this is the kind of thing he means and this is the way he uses his language'. It is to be regarded, therefore, as a vague outline of a psychotherapeutic method, which I hope to follow before long with a more precise statement of my views as to the practice and problems of psychotherapy.

What is Life? This is perhaps the largest question that is within our power to ask, but I dare to hope that together these books may go some little way to answer the question with which I ended *Motives and Mechanisms of the Mind*, in the conclusion of which I wrote: 'In psychological medicine we are in the same position as scientists with regard to electricity and ether; we do not know what it is that we are working with, and upon which we are basing our hypotheses. What is Life, the primary energy of motive and behaviour, health and disease? What is the neuro-dynamic circulation? Is it thalamo-cortical, and if so after what manner? We are waiting for a modern Harvey, who will perform an inestimable service both to psychologist and neurologist, although he will not have discovered even then the answer to the question, What is Life? Being overdue, we may hope that this discovery in elementary physiology and anatomy will not be long in coming. Meanwhile, we all need to keep humble, because quite literally we do not know what we are talking about.'

INTRODUCTION

Finally, this book may be taken as an experiment in playing with an idea. Is the material universe really to be regarded as a Unity? Is mankind to be regarded as united to that unity? Is the present all too apparent disunity only due to false appearances, created by an artificial and inadequate language, with which we too clumsily describe phenomena? Is there a common language which may be used for physics, religion, art and psychology, which, when rightly understood, will demonstrate their unity? Is this statement true: 'As for the microcosm, so for the macrocosm'? There are many of these suggested parallels: as for this, so it is perhaps for that: as above, so below: as within, so without: as for science, so for art: as for saint, so for sinner. But if such words as these indeed are true, then it is quite evident that all of us must still have much to learn.

To describe fittingly so wide a range of our experiences we need a worthy 'language', and the wherewithal to use it. Language, if it is alive, is the vital image of experience; but it is also the wand of real magicians, workers of miracles, for it enables us to watch the waking of the miracle of life. For better or worse we use a language always, but usually with little understanding. The words are there, but singly and together they must all be burnt to provide the light for our illumination and the necessary fire for the ardour of our living. Can a Scientist ever warm his cold hands beside the hearth upon which burns the fire of Art, to feel that it may rightly be his own?

I. THE SELVES

The scope of psychology; the falsehood of half-truths; the need to include metaphysics; the difficulty of language; the circle as a figure of speech; analysis of two aspects of Reality, described as 'A' and 'B'; some examples; the law of paradox and inevitable dualism; not two, but three, A, B and C; the insight of the Athanasian Creed; idolatry; the sensorial handicap; the scientific method; two selves, Ego and Emauton; selfishness; self-centredness and concentration; active and resting phases; the law of decay; Science as Mediator.

Must Psychology always remain an Art and Mystery, or can we define it within the language of a Science of its own, that will express the fullness of life's meaning without making a travesty of its task? There are so many psychologies at the present day from which to choose: but are any of them big enough to do their job, which is to unfold and describe the multiplicity of mind? Surely Psychology should be no less than adequate to measure the wholeness of experience. But is there in fact any psychology at present which is big enough to do life justice?

The seeker after truth is always troubled by enthusiasts for half-truths, for the world is full of them.

THE SELVES

Each of these psychological systems may be half true, and for every half-truth there are many enthusiastic exponents, who are glad to say, 'Look, this is true!' Perhaps we can grant them that it is true, but is not what they have to tell us only half true, being but the half of Truth? When any psychological system is set up about which we say, 'This is half true', then we are immediately presented with the problem, 'Yes, but what is the other half of this truth?' It is this other half that any particular school is not prepared to tell us, for it does not recognize that such a thing exists. We are too easily satisfied with what we have: others may have what we have not, but we do not like them any more for that.

It is very difficult amongst these half-truths to find any system which will give us the measure of the wholeness of life, with enough of height, depth and breadth not to be shattered by the reality of experience. Most of our systems are such trivial things that it is no wonder that they do life less than justice.

Unfortunately our point of view is inclined to be somewhat trivial too, for when we read books or go to lectures our attitude is apt to be: 'Please teacher, will you tell us *what to do*? We find life very difficult, so will you please make it easier for us by telling us exactly *what to do*!' Of course, we have our problems which we want answered as simply and concretely as possible: we want something to hold on to, so that we can feel sure that we have been told exactly how to live. It is easy to understand why we should want our instructions so simplified, but we must be warned

THE SELVES

against snippets of knowledge, ideas to show off, or impressive tricks to perform. It is sometimes more beneficial to be disturbed by unanswerable questions, than to gain any tips that we can call 'really useful'. However much or little we may know, we must realize that we are all only students together, discussing a problem which we can hardly help and for which, in the end, there is probably no answer which can be entirely satisfactory. For our better understanding, let us keep our eyes open for deeply rooted principles, rather than for those 'good examples' which may lead us into the facile idolatry of cheap imitation. We must learn the discipline of waiting for what we cannot understand and therefore feel inclined to fear, respecting the empty spaces in our knowledge as being a 'good thing', which even Time may never choose to fill.

There is so much material from which to choose; but as we are able so we must observe facts as they are, in the movements of their relationship, reporting them without fear or favour. But let us see if we can keep to our ideal of reporting *all* the facts, seeing the balance of both sides. Let the science of our psychology shirk nothing, because only in that way shall we discover the measure of the wholeness of experience. We must not be put off because some things happen that we do not understand and cannot describe by reference to familiar things. We must not pick and choose, but take all of life as it comes, to measure it by the law and logic of our words, doing it as much justice with them as we can. In some quarters we

THE SELVES

shall get into trouble, for we shall be told that we are confusing science and metaphysics, and that mysticism is the quickest path to scientific ruin. Nevertheless we need not worry, as long as we are content to face all the facts of our own experience as they come, for the Scientific method is the unbiassed and impartial observation of phenomena. While we are observing things that happen—even if they are mysterious—there is no harm in being accused of being mystical, as long as we maintain our balance upon the side of more material things. If there is a gulf between matter and mysticism, then it is our task as observers to define it, for which we must be equally well represented upon either side.

By what words can we define Life? What is to be our idiom, and what form, what frame, what manner of speech, is to do justice to the wholeness of experience? Surely the answer is that there is no form, no frame, no idiom, no words with which *in themselves* we can do justice to our experience of life. Within this hollow shell of words there must be something else, some hidden fire, some inner end which uses them as means. Our verbal tools are good enough if we can but make the most of them: although insufficient in themselves, they are adequate enough when used only as agents or as means to an end. Words are for this service, and, to the end of better describing our experience, we can choose our own form as it seems to be convenient. Therefore to some extent at least I am going to invent and use my own idiom, which must then be allowed by the reader to become the frame of

THE SELVES

reference by which we agree to exchange our ideas. This frame of reference is the circle, the wheel or the sphere; let it be whichever we like for our convenience, but only let it move, for it is about this circle that we are to spin together.

I have chosen the circle because it is a figure of movement. Nature abhors straight lines and will not be forced into a square frame, however mankind may strive to effect this fixed imprisonment. It is no use talking about 'dynamic psychology', which is the psychology of motive and of movement, unless we are prepared to spin with it, moving both with and within a moving idiom. This wheel of fate, this geometric circle, is a moving system within the limits of which we can also serve the Law with moving minds.

To the seeker after Truth, Life remains an open and unanswerable question. Where is it going, and what does it mean? There must always be something terrifying about this uncertainty, and if we could we would gladly close this moving matter once and for all to our final satisfaction. This is the reason for all Idolatry, and the language which attempts to give fixed answers to fearfully moving questions is only one example of its value as a convenient sedative. Although we may plead for accuracy, it is not to be found by fixing meaning to a form of words.

If we take any words and bow down to worship them as if they meant something in themselves, then we are in danger of idolatry, for words, forms, ideas and idioms, are only very rarely to be used with safety in that simple way. Rather are they to be moved

THE SELVES

lightly, bandied about and played with, used in this way and in that as may be found convenient, burned, destroyed, and finally distributed to the common stock again, when they have served our end so that we do not want them any more. We must not be greedy with them, we must not fix and snatch at them, but let these servants of our moods and needs come and go, with room for play and freedom. The danger with all words is that we try to hold on to them, to fix and overpower them, in our efforts to force their meaning to suit our urgent purpose. But unfortunately for us, the moment we hold on to anything, whether it be a word or an image of a god, we have lost the value and the meaning of our desired objective, except as a symbol of our safety. Then we are only idolaters, and by our fearful apprehensiveness have made ourselves at least a little mad.

Let us take the circle and, using it as an abstract form or image, look into it to see how much we can get out of it. The first thing that we can see is that it has two parts or aspects, an outer and an inner, which for our convenience we will label 'A' for the centre and 'B' for the circumference. We notice how big is B and how small is A; for the circumference is obviously much larger than the comparatively tiny spot in the middle. This distinction between the outer and the inner aspects of our circle we may also correlate with another pair of opposites, namely the superficial and the deep.

Next let us think of our circle as a sphere. Then further consideration of its two-ness suggests that

THE SELVES

there is that part which we can sense, seeing it with our eyes or touching it with our fingers; but there is also that other part which we cannot sense at all, and which is thus, for us, our non-sense. But do not let us, for so slight a cause, lose sight of its existence, which is objectively quite as real, in spite of the fact that subjectively we may have no sense with which to understand it.

So far we have seen that there is this big, external, able-to-be-sensed aspect of our circular form which we have agreed to call for brevity B, and this smaller, non-sensed part within, which we call A with a warning in case, being unseen, we may forget it altogether. So far the balance seems to be weighted very heavily on the side of the external, superficial B. But if we agree to allow our abstract sphere to represent an orange and enlarge our still unseen centre to include the pulp (for why shouldn't we?), then the skin is B, and the fruit is A. This may suggest a note of warning, that, even though it is less obvious, the inside may yet be more important than the outside, the unseen as real as the seen, and the 'non-sensed' as much all-there as anything dignified as worthy of acceptance by the most matter-of-fact and plain-speaking of materially minded critics.

But now let us take a plunge into the mid stream of philosophical metaphysics (without being unduly alarmed, however, for it is only common sense), by noticing that the centre of our sphere has no extension either in space or time. It is a non-sense and no-space point in Eternity or No-time; and yet, in spite

THE SELVES

of that dubious designation, *it is* the centre of the whole affair. The circumference, on the other hand, is in a condition of extension in time and space. What does this mean? It may sound difficult to talk about this central no-point in no-time, but if we imagine ourselves moving upon a moving wheel it becomes quite simple. Let us spin the wheel, and imagine ourselves turning on the rim. Then we shall find that we are travelling relatively fast; but as we climb down one of the spokes of our spinning wheel until we get to the centre of the hub, we shall then find that we have stopped moving altogether, while our private universe obligingly spins round us. Thus by moving from the circumference to the centre we have moved from movement to no-movement, which suggests that our B stands relatively for 'action' and our central A for 'repose'.

If now we regard our circle as a cross-section through a glass vessel, then the circumference (B) is the vessel and the part in the middle (A) is the fluid content. Here we have another idea: namely, that B is of hard material and that A is relatively soft and fluid (or why should we not use the word that belongs opposite to 'material', namely 'spiritual'?). If we imagine this central fluid as a reservoir, then we can see that the container, or surface part, has a definitive and distributive function. This introduces yet another idea, that the central part, A, is storing, and the outer part, B, is using. This central part we can call 'essential', and we can call the outer part 'definitive' because it defines and gives the limit to all that is inside it.

THE SELVES

To use a Platonic idiom, we can call the central part the 'idea' and the outer part the 'form'. This is important, because if we try to fit the wrong form on the right idea, or the right form on the wrong idea, then something happens which is both uncomfortable and confusing. For instance, a child is A to the form B of its parents' discipline: each may be right, but what is important is that they should be relatively right to one another.

There are still several more of these related couples that we can discover within the unity of this phenomenon, the circle. The central A is the undifferentiated beginning, the creative fluid, the 'water' which is of so much importance to those interested in the understanding of dreams. The outer part B is the material aspect, earth: so A and B stand for the relationship of water and earth, spiritual and material, creative and created. From another point of view, the central 'section' is the female (A) and the outer 'section' is relatively the male (B), which serves to suggest that most fundamental example of all opposed couples, the two sexes. Then again we may regard A as the positive and B as the negative pole of our related couple, responsible between them for movement by reference to each other's 'slope'. Whatever the language that we use by which to make clear this distinction: whether we regard A and B as nucleus and protoplasm respectively of the living cell, or as 'spirit incarnate', or quite abstractly, as 'content defined', I do not wish to use such words as these with any limited biological, religious or philo-

THE SELVES

sophic significance, but only to describe as best I can the meaning of this relationship of many forms between these two factors, A and B. These simple letters do less harm to the movement of ideas than do many more weighty words, which unfortunately seem to have a morbid effect upon our understanding. As tolerant observers of the 'facts of Life', we must learn to see beyond the convenient illusions of labels, and to do without such abusive epithets as 'mystical', 'metaphysical', 'spiritual' or 'supernatural'. With less shouting, the facts may the more easily be allowed to speak for themselves.

Having gone so far, we can now summarize these and many other aspects of this partnership, arranging the A's and B's in two columns for comparison:

<i>A</i>	<i>B</i>
Centre	Circumference
Little (apparently)	Big
Deep	Superficial
Unseen	Seen
Non-sense	Sense
Unimportant?	Important?
Fruit	Skin
A point in eternity	Extension in space-time
Repose	Action
Content	Vessel
Reservoir	Distribution
Intact	Contact
Nucleus	Protoplasm
'Cause'	'Effect'
Essential	Definitive
Idea	Form
Fluid, formless, spirit	Solid, matter

THE SELVES

<i>A</i>	<i>B</i>
Water	Earth
Female	Male
Positive	Negative

But in order that fire may perhaps be set to other trains of thought, and that we should be encouraged to create and work out the details of our own ideas in more familiar and comfortable language for ourselves, here are a few more provoking suggestions as to these coupled bedfellows:

Virgin	Fruitful
Blue	Red
Question	Answer
Sleeping	Waking
Awareness	Consciousness
Inspiration	Discipline
Freedom	Servitude
Heart	Head
Command	Orderliness
Pride	Humility

Perhaps it may seem that I have taken unwarrantable liberties with my circle, sphere, wheel or orange, before it is possible to deduce so much information from them, and from their intrinsic relationships. But I hope that in the course of my illustrations I have not done great injury to what is true. The point which I have wished to make more plain is that there is this fundamental dualism of relationship between the seen and the unseen, where B is the obvious, outer view of reality, and A is the inner, hidden aspect, which is something just as real, although by

THE SELVES

some realists it is liable to be forgotten, because it is dutifully ignored. It may shake our certainties, but in all things there is this relationship of the two-ness, the A and the B.

What is more important to us as students of the mind is that this same principle of relative two-ness applies to Self. Whether we are thinking of yourself, myself, or himself, there are always *at least* two of them. Since these two selves are related as subject and object, observer and instrument, they may be conveniently referred to as inner 'I' and outer 'me'. (In practice, however, this proves to be grammatically inconvenient, unless it is done with due warning. But with their more perfect sensitiveness, 'the Greeks had a word for it', and it may one day be possible to establish the words 'Ego' and 'Emauton'—there is no nominative, but neither should there be—as the orthodox and convenient verbal messengers of this distinction.) Since we agree to agree about it, we may then ask ourselves the question: Which of these two selves is Reality? But then let us be warned not to take sides, and not to join the ranks of those who would exalt one of those aspects of self at the expense of the other. There are those who prefer one half-truth, and who stand at B, saying 'Only B is real. This is Reality and all else is Illusion'. They are most respectable people, their knowledge is extensive and their experience may be vast: but if they stand with both feet and both eyes firmly fixed at B, we shall always have the advantage of knowing where to find them. We shall know much about them and their opinions, and amongst other

THE SELVES

things we know that they will be, within our definition, idolaters. (They prefer to describe themselves, however, as hard-headed, matter-of-fact, plain-spoken simple realists.)

Then there is the other group who stand at A and say of those who stand at B: 'They think they know, but they are living in a world of illusion, for their reality is not reality at all! What we have here at A is real and what those poor people have at B, and think so important, is only shadow and illusion'. We know of those who stand at A that they are liable to get 'illuminated', and that they may then become difficult to understand because they are too far above the common herd of humanity to make themselves intelligible. Sometimes the protagonists of these two sides are rudely outspoken to each other, because each cannot understand that the other is entitled to his opinion, for there must always be these two points of view, each true at least to a half-truth. A feels sure that B is 'bad', and B retorts with equal certainty that A is 'mad'. We have all met members of these opposite camps and I hope that we can sympathize with them. But why should we attach ourselves to one side or the other, thus to become involved in this moral but unscientific atmosphere of misunderstanding and vituperation? Let us keep strictly to scientific principles and say quietly and firmly: 'Reality, you are both, and between you both I stand.'

But now we are faced by the difficulty of language, for we must learn to speak a strange tongue. It is one

THE SELVES

that no one likes to use, for it is the language of Paradox. There have been those whose reputation for wisdom has depended upon their skill with this language, and others whose names will yet rise to fame for the same reason: for paradox is the Law, both of To-day and Yesterday, and it must become the Language of To-morrow. Whether we like it or not, it is the only way by which we can measure both sides of the wholeness of life's experience, so that if we are to be accurate in our description, we must learn to talk that way. The dualism of the dilemma of paradox is hard enough to manage, but our problem is made even more difficult because, besides being a Law of life, paradox is also a moving Law, which we cannot fix anywhere for our anxious convenience. But there is no other way in which we can accurately move: as observers by the scientific method we must be prepared to let go everything and see what happens as we swing and spin with Life.

We can call this circle anything we like for our convenience, so long as we are prepared to burn our symbolic boats as we go. Then let us call it an orange, so that we can the more easily divide it into sections, and let us separate one, which we will call AB. Then let us be possessive and say, 'This is my bit'. But there are two aspects of it, A and B, pulp and skin, as there are of the whole sphere of the orange. This single section, AB, which we have cut out, is a part of the whole and it also contains the same parts as does the whole. However many times we may take this two-ness out from between its neighbours, it will

THE SELVES

always be a two-ness, AB. But again there are also two neighbours, one on either side; for there is always the same two-ness in everything.

In this relationship of the one and the two we can understand the genesis of all creation. Out of one, nothing can ever happen: there is no making or movement until it has been divided into its two-ness. Only out of two can there be born a child. That is why it is so important to become used to the language of paradox, the two-ness, because only out of that two-ness can anything ever be created. Only as a consequence of the union of those two parts of the dualism can there be born the third factor of the living child. He is important, so let us call him C, and keep within the fluid idiom of algebra: A is the mother, B is the father and C is the child.

We will put C in the middle way, between Heaven and Earth. Poor little C, no wonder that he doesn't know where he is, suspended thus between the twin horns of his dilemma! A is somewhere and so is B, but where, crying in what unseen wilderness, is C? Where has he come from, where does he belong, where is he going to, where shall we put him, what can we do with him? The answer, for the better discipline of our too insistent anxiety, will be: 'Nothing, at present; leave him alone, but don't forget that he is there'.

The Athanasian Creed (Quicumque Vult) was on the right lines with its insistence upon Three in One and One in Three, although it may be hard to believe it as we listen in dulled idolatry to a repeated creed. But there is fire in every bush, and the art of life is to

THE SELVES

see the flame, the meaning locked within the form, the vital A behind the dulled façade of B. There is this living fire compressed within the verbal discipline of the Athanasian Creed. For our sense of wholeness in discovered unity, there must be the One, the Two and the Three: the Two for parentage by the manner of their coming together, the One that is of them both, but still essentially and uniquely of itself.

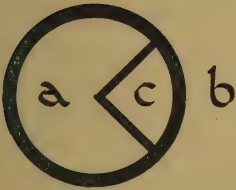
We can express the matter in another way, and at the same time possess ourselves of a talisman for use in our anxiety. This symbol is a very familiar one, for it is the anchor which stands for Hope (see fig. 1, p. 49). The only hope for the fullness of our sanity is that we should be prepared to recognize the two-ness of A and B and the third-ness of C; and the one-ness of the A and the B and the C. When we look at an anchor, hidden within the symbolism of its familiar form, it is this inner meaning that we may see, to act as a recipe for, and reminder of, the three aspects of Reality.

Having thus arranged our language to enable us to recognize and describe the three aspects of reality, can we understand better the meaning of the word 'superstition'? Let us first look at the outside of the word to see if we can find a way in. 'Superstition', above-standing, standing over: so let us stand above our circle of potential circumstance, and see what it is that we shall see. We shall see the surface of reality, in fact we shall see only what is superficially obvious. This matter of our observation is so plain to all our senses; we can take our measures to it, we can weigh

ASPECTS OF WHOLENESS



The unity of
Wholeness
has three—
aspects



The part is the
image of the
whole, having
the same three
aspects—



The Symbol of
WHOLENESS
which is our
HOPE

An Athanasian Anchor.

FIGURE I

THE SELVES

it, we can even put it under a microscope to examine it more thoroughly. But we must not forget that all that we have seen so far is only what we are standing on, and that we have not yet seen underneath it. This is only B, for all its superficial accuracy, and so it is only a half-truth. This act of superstition is one of sensorial dependence upon the external B-ness of life, and it is this B-worship, or dependence upon externals, that is the matter with idolatry. Superstitious people stand outside us, looking over and down on us from their superior but superficial B. But those who are not superstitious or idolaters are content (i.e. self-contained) to understand us; for they are coming in to join with us from A.

Competitiveness is the outward and visible sign of all idolatry. There is this important distinction between the point of view of the A and the B people, that for those who look on life from B all things are comparative; they are therefore sometimes rather rude in the measure of their criticisms. But it is part of B's function that it should always be thus comparing, in terms of 'This is better, that is worse: I am good, you are bad'. As it is always one of the signs of B that it is comparative, so the A function is content to accept, as a statement of fact unqualified, 'I am: it is'. Therefore the characteristic by which we can judge the people who are prepared to understand us is that they are not comparative. They say, 'You are what you are' (that is enough, never mind whether you are good or bad); 'I am' (and therefore there is no need for me to worry about what I am, or what I

THE SELVES

am for, or where I am going). All these persistent worryings and bickerings of discontent are part of the activities of life that necessarily belong to the uneasy minds of the children of superstition.

Therefore idolatry, or B-worship, is the religion of the superstitious, who take form for meaning, idol for ideal, and power for wisdom. Indeed it is very doubtful whether 'poor, ignorant' savages are idolaters at all according to this definition, for there are savages who recognize the related A and B of life much better than we do. Although we are apt to despise them, there was a depth of insight in the Middle Ages, and there is now a wisdom in 'darkest Africa' that is lacking in many of the teachers of our scientific age to-day. If we are looking for idolatry in the sense of B-worship, then there is plenty of that without going farther than the end of our own street, for most of us who are products of this twentieth-century civilization are idolatrous children of an idolatrous age. We are taught in terms of efficiency and possessiveness, of comparison and competition: but what we have gained on the B swings we seem to have lost on the A roundabouts. We are no longer in touch with the reality of the unseen.

Religion, as an understanding of Reality, requires ability to see through the mask that is placed in front of us by our senses. How are we to see through this sensorial screen which separates the seen from the unseen? It is these senses of ours, which tell us so plainly what they have discovered, that are our handicap, standing as they do between us and the

THE SELVES

deeper aspect of the facts of life. It is our seeing that makes us blind, and our speech which makes us anything but dumb before the primal altar of life's essential silence.

This matter of our sensorial handicap is most important for us to understand. Our instruments, useful as they may be, are liable to tell us only about themselves. If instead of one circle, we draw many, like the layers of an onion, to represent the serial spread of B, then every one of these circles represents another barrier to obstruct our vision of the inner A. We look with our eyes, we touch with our hands, but it is what we see and what we touch, the material evidences of our senses, that prevent us from getting through with our understanding to the meaning of reality. Everything which we learn through our senses has to be revalued and reinterpreted, not so much for what it shows us as for what it prevents us from seeing. For the wholeness of our understanding we must learn the way of paradox: 'And feel, who have laid our groping hands away; And see, no longer blinded by our eyes.'

The evidence of reality which we derive from our senses, and our reasoned deductions therefrom, can never be regarded as complete, for they are as B without A. The measure of our learning must therefore be reinterpreted in the light of A, each time anew as to its meaning. We are always faced by this paradox, that the place of freedom is at the same time the prison, while the prison is also within its own nature the place of freedom. This may be confusing,

THE SELVES

but nevertheless as paradox it is true. Our eyes, our fingers, these are at once our freedom and our prison; we cannot have one without the other, for there is no privilege without its price. There is always this twoness, which we must not forget because we wish we could. By whatever senses we make our judgement, through whatever knowledge we may interpret meaning, we shall find as we deepen our understanding towards A that within the multiplicity of B there is one central art of life, one heart, one hearth and one eternal flame.

This is not only good common sense, it is also good science. To have common sense is to be well balanced, and to be a good scientist is to be an unprejudiced observer of broad relationships and wide horizons. Anyone who stands at B and denies the existence of A is neither a good scientist in this wider sense, nor is he well balanced. The moment he comes up against living facts he will find himself at fault, and although that attitude may seem very right and reasonable in the arid atmosphere of the academy, when the professor comes home to his wife she will tell him otherwise, in spite of all his superstitious proofs to the contrary. He may find that such partiality of thought is satisfactory enough as a professor, in academic isolation (where all is B), but not in the intimacy of any kind of relationship, where there is some vital feminine A to upset the nicety of his idolatrous calculations.

The scientific method listens in the silence and disbelieves everything that seems to shout too loudly,

THE SELVES

for within ourselves we know full well that things are never only what they seem to be. We must always be ready to seek anew the 'is-ness', the inner reality of A, the idea at the centre, the logos, the logic and the law. Then, having found it, as servants of the scientific method, we must most willingly obey.

Perhaps the wish in this case is again the immoral parent of the thought, but Science may too easily assume that it is fixed on proven rocks, when in point of fact it is only airily suspended between faith and ignorance. Science is a solid structure only as to its central span, for it depends at either end upon the pillars of unproven but convenient assumption, so that any pride that there may be in the assumed strength of its foundations must in fact be no more firmly rooted than in ignorance and prejudice. Whatever aspect of science we may take, however solid it may be in the centre, the pillars of this bridge are always of the same airy and unproven kind. The light of knowledge is limited by the darkness of ignorance, and the bridge which spans with knowledge the gulf of any scientific problem is supported at either end by an hypothesis which is not always as secure as we would like to believe.

When it comes to these convenient little instruments called hypotheses, every science and every scientist demands the right to use them; and so I claim my right as scientist also to adopt one of my own choosing. But, having chosen, it is important to know what we have chosen and why, and what the alternatives may be: for there are always others which

THE SELVES

may be equally valid, although not so personally convenient.

There are three types of these hypotheses. There is that of the 'one-ness' or thing-by-itself, there is that of the 'two-ness' or this-and-that in relationship, and that of the 'three-ness', the two parents and the child. The hypothesis which I am going to use is that of the 'three-ness', which postulates that we must always look for both the A and the B separated, and then for the C, which is the meaning or outcome of that particular relationship. This is the fundamental relationship of the mother, the father and the child: and I wish to emphasize this basic principle, that we can never draw sufficient evidence from our observation of reality, until we have isolated these three factors of the A, the B and the C. They are the bridge and the two pillars upon which it is supported; the lighthouse and the waves that surge rhythmically around its base to form the sea; and the two related pillars of all logical antitheses, from the logic of which depends the sole seat of judgement.

Let us look for a moment at this word '*judgement*', which has the same ultimate root as the Latin, *iugum*, a yoke. Here is another example of this two-ness, for held within this yoke there are two forces, of which it is the connecting link. There is another word '*yoga*', perhaps less familiar to us, which has the same meaning. It is derived from the same origin for, whether in East or West, the Truth remains the same; it is not incarcerated in any word, or entrusted to any one religion or esoteric philosophy. Whether

THE SELVES

our training is that of East or West, our judgement must depend upon our capacity to build this bridge, to strike this balance, to accept this yoke, and to realize this bondage, that thus we may see the threeness which is the sole totality of life's experience.

The title of this Chapter is 'The Selves': we are near the end of it, but so far they have only found brief reference. Yet the shape of it has been planned so to set out the A and B of its parentage, that the C of Self might naturally follow. What has been said so far has been illustrative not of 'a Self', but of the two selves and their relationship with one another. The very word 'self' is the first idol of idolatry, because there are at least two selves, subjective and objective, central and superficial, 'ego' and 'emauton', the 'I' and the 'me'. In fact it is suggested with all emphasis that there are not only two, but three: A, B and C, or 'spirit', 'body' and 'soul', to use again the more familiar jargon of theology or philosophy. To regard self as any one-ness is to stick fast in the superstition of idolatry, and to become confused in a language of laboured inconsistencies, because this confusion of a false simplicity does not allow for paradox. Such a phrase as 'To lose the self is to find the self' requires the illumination of analysis, which discloses that losing B is to find A, before its meaning can reach the level of common sense. We must become accustomed to this continual subdividing of everything into the three aspects it contains. It is no use saying 'The Self is an idol'; the question is: *Which* self is an idol? Any one of these three selves, alone

THE SELVES

and isolated, must become an idol: for the 'Self' is a function of relationship, or else it has no meaning.

'Selfish' is a word we use in one way and another, with a bold assumption that we know what we mean. 'Selfish': but if there are two or three selves, to which does this opprobrious epithet refer? The subtler definition is not specified, but if we think of three related selves we shall find it difficult to go wrong. There are these two selves, the inner and the outer, the A and the B, I and me, and possibly a third—a child-self or consequence, which is the created one, the outcome of the union. (This may well be the Soul of theological definition, for it is the movement and the meaning of each individual existence, besides being the essential unity behind all conflict, the quintessential A of both A and B.) No one knows where it is, this C, nor what it is doing, nor what is to become of it, but that is surely the way of all children. The fact remains: within the limits of our language, we have an A self (an inner self), and a B self (an outer self), and this doubtful but important third. Surely now, if somebody says to us in a B-ish, superstitious way, 'I think you are extremely selfish!' we know that they mean. We are accused of being idolatrous B-ists. That is a serious charge, but since they are in the role of comparative accusers, they are also at least as guilty as we are of the same superstitious crime.

In another sense of 'Self', there is no doubt that the highest objective of any human being is to be more 'Selfish'. This essential 'I am' would be none the worse for expressing life more abundantly, which

THE SELVES

cannot be done alone through idolatrous B, but only by the expression of A through its material living image in B. The development of this, our wholeness, is the fulfilment of our destiny, not by shallow imitation or orthodox obedience, but by exploring the endless adventure of 'Who am I?' For 'I am'—both in my self-contained contented isolation, and also in the paradoxical situation of my vital relationships. But how can we understand what is meant, if the word 'Self' is used only as a one-ness without subdividing it? In this matter we do not get much assistance from the dictionary, although the words 'egoism' and 'egotism' are there for what use we can make of them, to help us to distinguish between these two attitudes towards the self. Perhaps in this respect we have outgrown our language, and must be content to leave behind us the verbal usages of orthodoxy, while we make new words to fit new meanings as they grow more clearly defined.

This superficial self of material B, this matter of form and contact, this marvel of mechanical function embraced within the laws of space and time, has for its task that it must keep touch with external circumstance, thus acting as mediator between Self and Not-self. Whether simply from sense organs or more subtly from reason's brain, it is the language of this 'sensorium' which defines the meaning of experience, and from which our subsequent knowledge and understanding is derived. The language of these senses is expressed with depth and detail: the pleasure or pain which they render may seem to plumb the

THE SELVES

depths of our emotions: but yet this clumsy jargon of our senses can never be complete in the way in which it tells the tale of life. To be wholly dependent upon this description of our experience, revelling in the satisfaction which it may provide, or fleeing from its pain, is to be guilty of losing A in B. It is another example of idolatry, because it is only the ignorance of a half-truth. These senses are our language: but they are means, not end. What do they mean, and what is it that they mediate? Again the answer is, Not only that which seems to be. They may be used only to scratch at the surface of Life: or they may delve beneath experience to the deeper core of meaning, where time has stopped in the revelation of an inward ecstasy.

Let us now consider some further examples of Self-analysis. We are accustomed to regard a 'self-centred' person as an enemy both to himself and to the society in which he lives. He lives for approval, depending upon his audience for an ulterior motive to justify his existence: he is never satisfied with what he has, because everything is measured by the deficiency of what he has not: he is for ever restlessly questioning and comparing, impelled by his impatient desire to do better and have more. But nothing satisfies, for nothing can make this B self other than a negative quantity: to be self-centred on the B self is to be doomed to disappointment and dis-ease. Such selfishness is folly, for it ignores the better half of self, and finds that in the pursuit of happiness it has been sadly left with only the hollow half of paradox. Such blindness, however,

THE SELVES

does not prove that it is wrong to be selfish, or folly to be self-centred: nor need it be always disappointing to pursue the will-o'-the-wisp of happiness. For success in happiness or wisdom it is necessary to discover the inner self in full relationship with its outer and material shell; then it is the best possible ideal to be 'selfish', which gives us the fullest development of the 'self' in widest sense. We can be centred on this self, if it be the central self; but it is folly indeed to be centred upon every point of the circumference, like butterflies upon a wheel. Even happiness can prove itself a docile consequence of a way of life that recognizes and accepts the law of paradox, and the relationship of the two selves, A and B, in the wholeness of the all-inclusive C. The language of dualism is the key to this deeper understanding, which unlocks paradox and, through acceptance, makes the way of life more simple and more plain.

'Concentration' is another word which causes disaster and confusion, for it has two different meanings according to the 'it' upon which we concentrate. If we are concentrating on some external object, grasping it with our minds, working and worrying at it, using all our 'will-power' with full determination not to be beaten, then we shall soon feel fatigued and find ~~our concentration failing. But this is a poor and blind technique,~~ for it does not recognize that if we are concentrated within ourselves, then we are also automatically concentrated in regard to everything else! Concentration only requires to occur once if it is in the right place, from which it can be trans-

THE SELVES

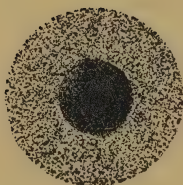
ferred at will and without effort as it is needed. Concentration at A (the 'A' phase, see fig. 2, p. 62) is self-centredness in its truest sense, and in practice this is the technique of efficiency and health. The 'B' phase, on the other hand, is one of worry and effort but not of efficiency, for it must soon experience fatigue.

In this diagram (fig. 2, p. 62), the two phases represent the alternating rhythm of effort and action (B) and sleeping and rest (A). It may be surprising to learn that work can be done in the restful phase of concentration at A, but this is the way of 'passive repose'. Anxiety and intense effort do not always make for the best work: detachment, composure and repose are often the way of more efficient labour. We know that even in sleep we can solve problems: we are learning that the state of 'awareness' in sleep may be an extension of the state of 'consciousness' when we are awake, so that, if we would better know our wiser selves, it is worth studying our dreams. 'Now' is a point which moves in space and time upon the surface of the self: but if we would touch Eternity (or No-time), we can only do so through finding our centre, where we do not move in space or time. The 'I' is more important than the 'me', the A is as the light and B the shadow: but we are accustomed to see things the other way round, when we view them from a finely focussed point in consciousness called 'now'. Although from B we may feel surely otherwise, yet, seen as a whole, sleep is not less than waking, nor Death than Life. It looks as if Reality as we are ac-

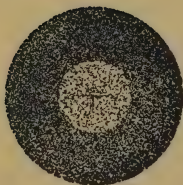
THE WHEEL



A. Centre or hub
B. Circumference
or rim
C. Radius or spoke



A Phase
Centripetal
and conservative



B. Phase
Centrifugal &
distributive.

FIGURE 2

THE SELVES

customed to see it from our waking selves is standing upon its head, and as if all must be reversed again before we can claim the virtues of a balanced mind.

We have defined idolatry as the worship of the outer circle (B phase), and superstition as looking at life from the limited point of view of information provided by the senses. This self, this two-ness, is both male (B) and female (A); as between female and male, where shall we find idolatry? In all things we seem to tend towards obsession with externals. There is a tendency in our civilization to stress the importance of the masculine function, and at the same time to deride and belittle the female as being 'inferior'. This also is due to the same superstition and idolatry of B, which represents the masculine function. It is not that everybody should look at life entirely from the mystical angle, nor that a matriarchy should take the place of a patriarchy, nor that men would be any better if they were women; there is no need to swing a pendulum which has become fixed on one side to the opposite extreme, there to be fixed again. Surely the wiser view is to allow the pendulum to swing from one side to the other and to keep swinging to and fro, recognizing that both sides are good in turn, and that the fullness of experience requires both the female and the male functions to work together in harmony, complementary to one another. There should not be any of this unnecessary moral comparison or invidious distinction between them, for the truth is to be found in the two-ness and the three-ness of them both. No view of life can ever be complete unless we have

THE SELVES

both these functions, for neither can be more than a half-truth. Related they form a vital couple in complementary balance from which is born the third party, which is the essential mystery of the child which comes from such a union.

In our attitude towards life, as between our two selves, there is always this two-ness, as we react by positive or negative, desire or conscience, urge or inhibition. Of these again, which is our idolatry? Superstition always looks at life from the negative point of view and says: 'Oh, no, you ought not, it would be better not, safer not; let us fix it, for so it is safer for me.' Idolatry does not create, for by its own self-definition in the end it must destroy even itself.

Yet another aspect of this two-ness is to be found in the relationship of self and not-self, or self and society. In regard to this couple it may seem a little difficult to recognize idolatry; but again, it is on the side of the external, and idolatry stresses the importance of society as against the independence of the individual. In an idolatrous society, imitativeness and obedience are more important than creative originality, and we must all be actors upon the stage of life, dependent for our content upon the approval of our audience.

Reality is such a balanced couple as this relationship of self and not-self, and it is from the bondage of this relationship that our creative freedom comes. As we accept this yoke and embrace the object of our relationship, so there will be children, outcome of some essential genesis, created from the inner source of light, fertilized by experience and forming the

THE SELVES

movement and the evidence of life. As we carefully hold these living images and evidential children, so we may bring out their meaning.

So let us take our anchor, attached as it is to these three aspects of reality, and let it stand not only for this or that or any particular hope, but rather for Hope itself, its essence and its meaning. We need it, for in life we have to span a gulf, with foothold insecure on either side. It would be so much more comfortable if we could sit down permanently to make our home either on one side or the other of this moving gulf, but alas, it is not possible for us to do so. At some time or another, sooner or later, we shall be turned out to face our crisis; for we are ourselves children of this two-ness, divided within, if not against, ourselves. We are destined to have one foot in Eternity and the other in space-time, to be constantly in danger of falling between two stools, and always to be faced with the horns of a dilemma in a seemingly vital choice. We have the devil on one side for our father and the deep sea on the other for our mother, and, to use a flippancy quite seriously, we have one foot in, or beyond, the grave, and the other on, or very near, a banana skin. It is the problem of mankind, thus to be torn between the ecstasy of eternity and the space-time prison bars of our material conflict.

This is a problem which, in the past, has always demanded penalty for its misunderstanding. In the battle for existence, mankind has swung between success and failure, as civilizations have ascended to power and declined to decay. But which is it to

THE SELVES

be for us, in this civilization of ours, of the material achievements of which we may indeed be justly proud? Are we to stand for the whole of truth, or to fall by our attachment only to one half? The law of the swinging pendulum is the same for all: the only escape from it is through acceptance of the wholeness, by which act of submission we may find that inner Self and outer Law are truly one.

If decay be a disaster (which could only be the case in terms of time) it is the price exacted for breaking the Law. Perhaps in course of time mankind may rise above its grosser fate, reaching a higher destiny of deeper insight into the meaning of the mystery of Reality. Whether or not this civilization of ours, following others older and maybe better than itself, is to fall again into decay, whenever freedom comes for Man it must be through the development of that Mediator C, who, by saying 'Yes' to both sides of the argument is able to span the gulf between A and B, offering himself willingly as sufferer and sacrifice, in humblest obedience to the Law.

In this extension of our understanding we may look hopefully to Science, for it can play the noblest part. By acknowledging the existence of both sides without prejudice, it can act as Mediator between Knowledge and Ignorance, and be for us that Lighthouse whose impartial light, when held high above the raging storm, may guide our frail material vessels between the rocks of misfortune, which beset us upon either hand, along that narrow and difficult path which is historically known as the Middle Way.

II. THE FAMILY

A case of anxiety; a four-year-old's dream; the circle and the square; balance; an axiom of relationship; conflict; anxiety and fear; false identification; the defensive 'me'; competitiveness and cooperation; the meaning of analysis; analysis of fear, inferiority, disappointment and fatigue; will-power; power and wisdom; love; two ways of fighting; revulsion; the right to interfere; the impersonal mediator of the law; lifeboat or lighthouse, heat or light?

Ms. X, a patient aged thirty-four, was in great trouble about her little boy of four. She was in a state of intolerable anxiety in case the child should not sleep. Her fear of his lying awake was so great that his bedtime was a period of acute distress for her. When she put him to bed, she said: 'Now you must go to sleep at once!' but she came back a few minutes later to see whether he really was asleep or not. Then she would spend the next half-hour outside the door listening to his breathing. If there was any doubt, she would go in again to see whether he was actually asleep. She said she was afraid that he would be nervous of the darkness, but this explanation did not seem to justify the extent of her anxiety.

THE FAMILY

Such a problem may seem a small matter to others who have not felt the same, but this woman's whole life was obsessed by it, and all day long she was miserably anticipating six o'clock. She felt sure that her anxiety was about the child, and that he was the 'cause' of it; but of course the problem was her own, and the explanation for it was to be found in her own childhood. When she was small, she had a grandfather who seemed to be God's right-hand man; or perhaps it would be more true to say that it seemed to her as if God was *his* right-hand man. He was tall, venerable, bearded and very dogmatic. To her, it seemed as if he had read and knew everything; he knew what he wanted to say and he was always unarguably right. This little girl both admired and feared him, and she felt that she was always wrong. Her attitude towards life is reflected in this dream, which, as far as she remembers, she first had when she was about four or five years old; since then she says that it has often recurred, with little variation, even up to recent times:

'My house seemed to be on one side of a road which ran down a hill, and on the other side was the police station. The road was made of biscuits, each one square and covered with sugar (I even remember the name of the manufacturers). It was like a tiled pavement, or the tiles I remember in my father's farmyard. I always knew I had to cross the road, but what made a nightmare of it was that, as soon as I started across, down the road came a steam-roller, crushing the biscuits into powder in front of it. It was a rush to

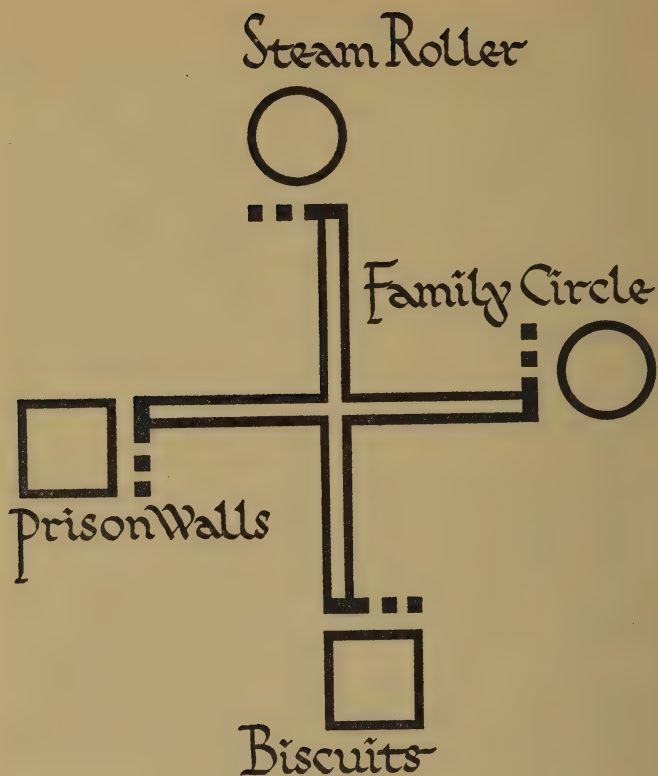
THE FAMILY

get across without being crushed underneath it, but I always just managed to do so.'

This dream is of particular interest because it has been repeated over a long period of years, and therefore it probably had a meaning of special importance. It is of added interest that the problem which presented itself in this way should be in the mind of this small child of four or five. The language of this dream seems to follow a pattern, and it uses the symbols of the circle and the square. (See fig. 3, p. 70.) In this diagram the upright line is the road, paved with biscuits (square), down which the steam-roller (circular) comes. The cross-line is Vera's path from her home (circle) to the police station (square).

Here is a picture in terms of the relationship between the circle and the square. The pattern of the dream is the cross, where Vera has to cross the path of the steam-roller, to her great dis-ease. But if we are to make our pattern accurate, it must not only be a simple cross of which one half is the exact image of the other, for that is not true in fact to the imagery of the dream. The opposite points are opposite in another way, which may be shown by making the steam-roller and Vera turn corners, so that the pattern is like that of the swastika cross.

This simple diagram, in its own way, accurately describes to us Vera's four-year-old and oft-repeated problem. Her position would have been so much easier if she had been the steam-roller like her grandfather! But no, she felt that he had the very great, and seemingly quite unfair, advantage of being the steam-



VERA'S DREAM
Aged 4

FIGURE 3

THE FAMILY

roller to her biscuits. Seeing that she had so much less force than her grandfather, it was natural that she should feel that her scheme of things was always being crushed into powder by these threatening descents of the 'grand old man', who represented the outward and visible signs of all life's pains and penalties. He would come down to breakfast in the morning with some fresh prophecy that he had dreamt overnight, but it was always to the effect that subsequent events (the end of the world, perhaps, described with his particular gift for local colour) would be to his own great advantage but to Vera's discomfiture, as she was not one of those who would be saved. So Vera was always trying to fit the square peg of her little system of would-be facts into the round hole of circumstance. But she found that it would never work. She did want to have everything in its right place, so that it neatly fitted; but always she felt that her scheme was going to fall to pieces, overwhelmed by the weight of superior events and crushed beneath the all-powerful shadow of her grandfather.

Before we leave this dream, we can also see the way in which the pattern of it is balanced between the biscuits on the one hand and the steam-roller on the other. If Vera had not wanted things so obstinately neat and tidy, she would not have felt they were so constantly being shattered; if there were no biscuits, there would be no steam-roller. If the grandfather had not loomed so large and overpowering, perhaps Vera would not have felt so much that she must be

THE FAMILY

right: if there had been no steam-roller, there would have been no biscuits. Vera had the feeling that she 'must be right', and because she felt this way, she also felt 'it can't be true', to keep the balance level.

In the simple pattern of this dream we can also see another fact about the principle of balance, namely that what is good for one side is bad for the other; what is good for the biscuits is bad for the steam-roller; what suits grandfather is bad for Vera; in fact, that one man's meat is another's poison. In terms of our symbols of A and B, we can define an axiom about relationship, namely that *What is good for A is bad for B*.

We can give credit to this axiom for being at least an important half-truth, which can be applied usefully in many ways, although it is often liable to be forgotten. For instance, it is true within my own two selves of A and B, or I and me; or between ourselves, the A and B of you and me. Since 'I' is *not* 'me', and 'you' are *not* 'me', then we can generally assume that what is good for 'I' is bad for 'me', and what is good for 'you' is bad for 'me'. (Note, however, that we need only claim a half-truth for this axiom. Sometimes what is good for you may be good for me too, but it is always unsafe for either of us to assume this advantage.) What was good for Vera was bad for her grandfather, and what was good for her grandfather was bad for Vera.

Such conflict of interests and codes of moral convenience must be one aspect of the Law of life; but we may be comforted by the thought that this is only

THE FAMILY

true with the validity of a half-truth. It is not more than the necessary occasion for the demonstration of its opposite of peace and harmony. This happy state can only obtain, however, through the acceptance of the fact of conflict, with all its clash of emotion and difference of prejudice or opinion. The way of peace (or 'love') is by acceptance of the opposing issues which are so pointedly at war. By the construction of this triangle of forces, the referee or mediator is created who may act as peacemaker. But it must be admitted that his position is not by any means one of unmixed advantage, for he may find himself uniting the two enemies against himself, in a way which he never intended. Perhaps that is why the way of peace is not popular. Yet, since we must differ in our ideas and interests, it is important that someone should always be prepared to accept and suffer this difference in the way of peace.

This child, who dreamed her conflict in this pattern, and every other, must be born to be at war with circumstance, wherever and whoever that circumstance may be. This is the conflict upon which all of us are engaged. As we are A and our circumstances are B, then 'what is good for A is bad for B' and vice versa. So we are all in trouble, but the child is somewhat differently placed from the rest of us because it is so small. The strength of its environment seems to mean the weakness of the child, and also, from the opposite point of view, the strength of the child seems to mean the weakness of its environment. In regard to its unlimited 'not-self', the child is in the position

THE FAMILY

of the central point (without area) of a circle which has a very large circumference. All children at certain times must, to some degree, experience this ratio of the very small A and the very large B, the very weak self and the very strong not-self, which, when it becomes intolerable, is responsible for the development of the 'inferiority complex' as its defensive balance. The big battalions are not on the side of the child, but to the child at least they seem quite uncompromisingly to favour the parents, the nursery and the frowning face of all-surrounding circumstance.

This is the situation in which we feel afraid (indeed most rightly and reasonably so) and in regard to which we shall be superstitious or not superstitious, idolatrous or not idolatrous. How shall we stand and which way shall we go? The child is small and weak; can it hold its own, or must it fall idolatrously to worship that condition by which it feels hemmed in, trying defensively to identify itself for ever with those strong forces by which it feels itself to be surrounded?

Life is a situation of anxiety. Anxiety and fear are as inescapable, in fact, as are any other of the facts of life, except through the fallacy of flight; but we shall continue to believe in the actuality of our freedom and independence as long as we can. 'I am afraid; and so, in my anxiety, what shall I do? I am small, it is large; what is good for it is bad for me, what is good for me is bad for it; it won't like that, it is bigger than I am, so whatever shall I do? It would be a marvellous solution, tempting in the might of its magic, if I

THE FAMILY

could be that steam-roller that goes rushing down the hill to crush my precious biscuits! If I could but pretend and feel that I were it, and that subject and object were united without unfriendly difference!

This act of identification, this false assumption of defensive unity, is the armour that each of us can put on against the threat of fearful circumstance, so that 'I' may assume that 'I am it' and 'It is me'. By doing so we certainly make a one-ness, but it is the wrong kind of one-ness. It is a one-ness of confusion, which reaches the semblance of comforting achievement by jumping to a false conclusion, instead of the more valid one-ness of a real fusion. But the miserable consequence of paradox unrealized is that, when acceptance of anxiety would lead to real fusion between two separated and apparently conflicting parts, rejection of it and replacement of reality by false assumption serves only to bind these enemies more securely in unfriendly grips with one another. In my anxiety, of course, I would like to feel that I am one with you and with your steam-roller—but, alas for me, it is not true, for I am not.

It is here that the feeling of anxiety rises to a crisis, to answer the question 'What shall I do: stay or run, and thus prove true or false?' At this point of our reckoning we are engaged in an act of analysis. As we hold up self and not-self, I and me, we see the two related parts of the two-ness of life. This two-ness remains truly inevitable, although by the false assumption of our unity we can be so deceived as to seem to ourselves to have escaped this conflict. That

THE FAMILY

is why we have to watch so carefully, because if we let them do so, these two parts of self and not-self, which belong separated, will run together when we are not looking, to resolve our pain into an apparently real and inseparable confusion. It is quite easy, and seems to me quite right, that I should feel that I am you and you are me. But by acceding to the temptation of this false assumption I shall have lost both my sense of logic and my sense of humour, in a mushy sentimentality that seems so true to me because it suits my convenience. But in fact it is not true at all.

It is so easy for the mother's love to make her feel that the child is part of herself and that this identity is as it really should be. She feels so sure that they are one: surely, if not they ought to be. But no, they are not one, for they are two. The word 'love' requires a dictionary to define its many meanings and it is easy to confuse two different kinds of love. One, which is not truly love in any better sense, is a false identification or utter possessiveness, the desired goal having been achieved 'immediately', through flight from anxiety (I love you as if you were me). The other is love in truth, where the pain and anxiety of love for an uncertain object is held for its own sake (I love you as if you were yourself). However, since in reality these two kinds of 'love' are poles apart, under the law of what is good for A is bad for B, it is best that we should recognize it and keep them so. It is always a hard matter, but this analysis must be made and kept if any relationship is to be a real one. We want so much to have this sense of utter one-ness, and we

THE FAMILY

do not like the truth of paradox, which claims that separatedness, not one but two, is the inviolable law.

If we are ever to be really as one, then we must be content to begin as two and bear the burden of our yoke. If we are ever to find our unity, then we must first accept our separatedness. We must learn to move always in this order, for it is so easy to go the wrong way round and, from our false beginning in impatience, to be in the end on the wrong side of the paradox, finding ourselves indeed separated from the object of our love. If we assume in our anxious benevolence that we are one, when this is not in fact the case, then we shall most certainly end by being divided into two, when after all we might have been as one. This is the fate of parents in so many families where the good intention was to be as one, and yet in which the divisible elements failed to recognize that they must accept this fact of their dividedness. The fact remains, however, that we are all agreed in our desire for unity. This is no rare virtue, for in this we are as one. It is only in our method that we differ, and wisdom knows the winning way of paradox, where those more ignorant prefer the more tempting fallacy of direct attack.

In this situation of anxiety which we all must share, it is interesting to consider the attitude that is generally adopted by those who are in authority. The father, the mother, the teacher, the parson: they all can look upon this fearful problem of the little child and clearly recognize a situation of dangerous uncer-

THE FAMILY

tainty. Their anxiety seems justified, for what have we here, what is this dark, uncertain, mysterious and intangible object, this child?

To some of us there is something very frightening about this experience of looking at a child. We do not find that our more personal contacts with grown-ups are so bad: they are not so frightening, because they seem more firm and fixed. With grown-ups we can feel that we do know more or less where we are, even if we are not there; but it is the sense of uncertainty and formlessness that makes contact with a child so deeply disturbing to those who prefer to surround themselves with reasonable fixtures.

It was a child of four who dreamed about the steam-roller: surely that would have frightened even her grandfather if he had known and understood! There is something so fluid, so moving, so unlike ourselves about a child: something so formless and undefined, so unlike the familiar B of our more comforting idolatries. We feel that we would like to give a child something to do and then we shall know what it is doing, for we shall have fixed it somewhere. Let us make it better and then we shall at least know that the child is being 'good'. So in one way or another, by our good intentions, we shall set up our defensive dogmas to make more comfortable the anxiety and dis-ease of our own discontent. We shall paint upon these children pretty coats of many colours, we shall give them some good defensive B's, because we are terrified of what they would be and do if we left them alone with their own A's, to take care of them-

THE FAMILY

selves and develop their own B's in their own space and time.

Anxiety will always try to create a false idea of unity, by fixing some false assumption upon the moving state of growth. But we must remember that the child also is anxious, and of the two, perhaps, has even more cause for fear, because the grown-up has at least the advantage of the support of the big battalions. It is not that something is being forced upon the child against its will, for it will like this benevolent offer of a good B, because it will see the illusion of apparent safety within its narrow walls, and will feel good by being accepted on the same side as authority. Because I am so very small, my A seems very small to me; my biscuits are so easily broken, but it seems that nothing can shake the magnificent certainty of your steam-roller.

Because we want it thus to soothe our fears, therefore, we develop that smothering, external 'me', to become, through its grave parasitism, the greater of our two selves and, so often, the grave of all our greatness. This crustacean instead of vertebrate form of character leaves insignificant and relatively unvalued and undeveloped the other more essential but non-material self of the 'I'. When we have once begun our flight from fear in this inflated material shell of self-consciousness, we become competitive, and this is heartily encouraged by all our anxious relatives. 'Yes, you must be better: you must get on; your place is at the top'; so we are urged upward and ever onward in the great competitive arena of school and

THE FAMILY

home, as well as in the moral circus of the churches. We must climb until we become afraid to fall, always compelled by panic from behind, with the false inference that our rightful place is somewhere above the rest of less-favoured humanity. If we are not there, then we are agreed we ought to be. But that is no more than a B-idolatry of self, and is the false value of an exaggerated and isolated half-truth.

Of all the evidences of the predominance of this outer and more superficial part, the B aspect of the self, the most fundamental sign is this competitive insistence upon superior and inferior values: 'Because I cannot bear to be what I am, therefore I must be better and have more than you.' Competitiveness aims at false isolation, so that at the top we may each be one alone; but, like the aggressive act of war itself, it is as much a rejection of reality as any coward's flight from danger. It differs from flight in that it is a more positive form of cowardice, but it is nevertheless a way of escape from an unbearable anxiety.

What is good for competitiveness (B) must be bad for cooperation (A). The self that thrives upon it becomes easily parasitic, and anxiety is transferred to maintaining the welfare of the host upon whom it feeds. Parasite and host, self and society: in their false assumption of identity, the competitive self will always assume that they are one. David makes his defensive false assumption of being (no, having) Goliath, because he has lost sight of the inner security of his other half of self. The B self will always tend to refer to life in terms of absolutes and compulsive competi-

THE FAMILY

tiveness, striving by its defensive aggressiveness to maintain both its mask of apparent courage and the defences with which it hides the lack of it. Before it can find its A again, it must go back to the anxiety of the original two-ness from which it fled and never lose sight of the relationship and difference of 'this' and 'that', self and not-self. There it will find that burning is not so bad as being burnt, and that correct analysis provides the key to courage and also sows the seed of action.

Analysis does not separate the whole into its thousand parts: it only separates a confusion into its related two-ness, self from not-self, you from me, I from me, this from that, the A-ness from the B-ness, each instant now from every other upon the pendulum swing of time. When this is done Analysis is complete, though such finality is never possible within the rhythmic, moving curves of life.

A patient once said to me: 'Surely the root of all our trouble is Fear.' I disagreed with him, because we can never have any balanced expression of the problems of life, while we ascribe the status of being the cause of all the trouble to any one-ness of a thing-by-itself, such as fear. Fear is all right; there is nothing wrong with fear. There is no solution to our troubles by this blaming any external 'it' whatsoever. The problem exists, not in the fear itself, but always in our attitude towards it. We can either stop and see this fearful matter through, or we can run away, in one way or another.

So here is the two-ness once again, which might be

THE FAMILY

overlooked by those who missed the point. Is our attitude towards fear to be one of 'yes' or 'no'? Do we run away from fear, are we afraid of being afraid, or do we accept the reality of fear? No, there is nothing wrong with fear. The problem is whether the fear is being unwisely fled.

Let us examine this feeling of fear more closely and we shall find within it a very important two-ness, for it includes within itself two opposites. At one extreme, to flee from fear is to generate panic and terror. But at the other, fear accepted is nothing that we would recognize as fear at all. In the ordinary affairs of life, under different circumstances the entire gamut of emotion can be expressed within the one word 'fear', as it can be within the other word 'love', which also contains a dictionary of meaning. Each comprises its own antithesis, this fear and that fear, this love and that love. We are accustomed to use these small words as if they meant something definite, but they do not, for each of them can mean almost anything between the poles of its own antithesis. We cannot escape from an act of definition as easily and clumsily as that, for fear has two antitheses within itself. There is the fear to which we say, 'Yes, I am afraid', and this is what we are accustomed to recognize as courage. On the other hand, there is the fear to which we say, 'I cannot bear to be afraid', which we call cowardice, panic or terror.

This act of separation, 'I' from 'me', and 'it' from 'what I feel about it', may set going in our minds many other analyses of a similar kind. For instance,

THE FAMILY

we can make the same distinction in regard to feelings of inferiority and disappointment, for it is the attitude of 'yes' or 'no' which we feel towards them that determines their meaning to us. Inferiority accepted is a feeling of content, that 'I am what I am'; but when it is not accepted it is a feeling of humiliation. It is very important not to lose such vital distinctions by missing the two antitheses included within the implied confusion of a single word. Again there are some who feel that they ought never to be disappointed; these, when disappointment inevitably occurs, are desolated. They feel sure that such a thing should not happen in the order of their lives, because they cannot bear it. But there are others who are ready to accept disappointment because they have anticipated it; it is part of their idea of the very nature of existence. These, when disappointment occurs, are not even surprised. It all depends upon the degree of our weaning whether we feel desolated or undisturbed.

Fatigue may seem to be another matter, but it presents the same problem of the poles apart, in that it lies between the positive of acceptance and the negative of rejection. The objective factor of Fatigue-in-itself is comparatively unimportant: the important question is what we want to do about it, for this will determine whether our attitude is to be one of 'yes' or 'no'. The athlete knows how to accept fatigue and runs on unalarmed by his extreme physiological exhaustion. Boredom is far more dangerous to him, suggesting as it does that he ought to give up

THE FAMILY

the race, because his distress is a 'bad thing', and that it would be a 'good thing' to go home and sit by the fire. But there are some to whom fatigue is more than boredom: in their plan of life it is an unbearable dis-ease. To them it spells *collapse* and they must therefore live as neurasthenic invalids. Yet the degree of physiological fatigue may be the same for them as for another, who is quite content to carry on and win in spite of his exhaustion.

This matter of the determining value of 'I feel sure I ought', both in regard to its effect on body and on mind, is too often forgotten. The problems that arise are sometimes extremely difficult to assess. For instance, when a patient says 'I simply must have more than six hours' sleep a night', is his fatigue really due to deficiency of sleep, or is it only due to the fact that he feels he ought to sleep more than he does, and so ought to feel tired? Even if such questions as these are sometimes too difficult to answer, the distinction should not be forgotten, for much may depend upon the accuracy of our understanding.

So much depends upon our frame of reference, our standard measure to which our experience is referred in order to determine its value. How do we feel, what do we want and expect from life: which, if we get it, will make us pleased, but sad if we are to be disappointed? We may also wonder what it is that we want and expect our children to get from life: do we want the measure of their experience to be a world without fear, in which disappointment does not occur? It is better for us that we should know, be-

THE FAMILY

cause this will determine the measure and quality of our experience, for it has no absolute value by itself.

If we are expecting perfection from our children, of course we shall find imperfection, which will be our bitter disappointment. They will be ~~bad~~ and we shall be sad, but only because of the standard of value which we have set up for our personal convenience. If we are expecting goodness we will make badness, for it is all a matter of balance. The fact is that life, in the living language of you and me, or the parent and the child, presents us all with very imperfect kinds of experience. It does not readily conform to our idea of Utopia. If we try to introduce a square Utopia of our own ideas of what is right into the moving circle of life, we create disaster. It is not the Law of Life itself which ordains that we should be crushed, for we have arranged our own steam-roller by our rigid principles. This seemingly external crushing and frustration is something relative, which we create for ourselves because we desire the opposite condition of a perfect safety. If we must have nice square biscuits coated with sugar, then also (and alas!) we must have cruel steam-rollers to crush them to powder before our saddened eyes.

But what should we do when things are not what we want, and when they are not what we feel they ought to be? The answer seems simple: if things 'ought' to be different, surely we 'ought' to try to change them, and we should use our will-power to change them as we wish. For instance, we have some child in our charge, who is to be educated in the way

THE FAMILY

we think it should go. This child has its own life, its own volition, its own experience, and uses its will-to-live in a way of which we disapprove. In fact, for us, this child is bad: what should we do? Are we to use our will-power to make it do as we think fit? Or if we are not to be so wilful ourselves, are we at least to encourage the child to use its own will-power? We have often heard the good advice: 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again!' This will-power is the idol of the Spartan as well as of the sentimental nursery, as long as it is only exercised in a negative sense of not being annoying: it is not so 'good' when it appears under the trying guise of wilfulness. It is advice which we offer more freely to others than take ourselves; as, for instance, when we advise those who try us: 'Do, for goodness' sake, use your will-power and pull yourself together!' But it usually sounds more like a threat than a promise, and it is quite time we asked the question: What is will-power? It is more than probable that most of those who are so ready with their advice do not know what it is.

In our understanding of this and other matters we are handicapped by language. Perhaps I have sometimes made matters seem even harder than need be the case, by insisting on the right to make an unfamiliar language of my own, keeping a two-ness working all the time, and making it even more complicated by having a third party present. It was, however, with the idea that, having made it, this language might be of some practical use, and a better guide in time of trouble than the false simplicity of a

THE FAMILY

one-ness in confusion. So let us see if we can make any use of this circular terminology of A, B and C, to learn something about will-power. There may be a latent confusion in the word; perhaps there are two will-powers, or even three. If there are, it is no wonder that we are all somewhat confused when people insist on using the word 'will-power', as if, so simply, it meant something that we might understand. Perhaps it is a word like *Self*, or *Love*, or *Fear*, that needs further analysis? Undoubtedly it is a most important word, but it seems very confusing as we loosely use it and it does not seem to mean what we are apt to believe. We are not tidy enough in our thoughts; and indeed it is very difficult to be an accurate thinker amidst the wild confusion of our experience, which becomes so readily cluttered up with the meanings and values with which other people have found it convenient to obscure reality.

The trouble about this clumsy use of will-power is that it won't work; or, if it does, only at the price of conflict and confusion. If we use our will-power we soon discover something else, namely, that we have a 'won't-power' too. Coué recognized that our 'won't-power' was stronger than our so-called 'will-power', and described it as the 'law of reversed effort'. Therefore, he said, if we wanted results from self-suggestion we must not use our will-power, because this paradoxical effort would defeat our own ends by introducing an opposite factor, the negative of 'Won't-power', which would be stronger than the positive with which we hopefully opposed it.

THE FAMILY

Such unorthodox advice as this, although it has been found often enough to be excellent in practice, should be disconcerting to members of the 'Try, try, try again' and 'Pull yourself together' schools. Such strange advice as 'Don't use your will-power if you want results' should have surprised our nursery moralists and taught them something, but we are still confused. Yet what could be more important than that we should know the most efficient way to obtain what we want? If will-power works, let us use it: but if it does not, let us know what would better take its place. It is strange that there should be this confusion, both in our language and our principles, about so important a point.

For instance, to give up smoking by means of will-power costs a great deal of unnecessary effort, if it succeeds at all. We try very hard, with grim determination—'I will be master of my own habits!' 'I will not be beaten' 'I will *not* smoke!'—and we feel a swelling sense of pride from this exercise of our moral grandeur. But as we watch the virtue of our efforts we may notice a curious thing. As we say, 'I will not smoke, I will *not* smoke', using our will-power as hard as we can, before we have gone very far we find that it has turned round on us and changed into won't-power. The great effort of will-power, which we had put at the disposal of not smoking, is now the measure of our desire for a cigarette, and we seem to have been stoking up the fires of desire instead of damping them down. The trouble about will-power is that it is a sword which is liable to turn

THE FAMILY

in the hand against its user, or a boomerang that returns against the thrower. In the strength of will that is divided against itself by the effort of desire, we find in practical experience that effort suggests laziness. Yes is balanced by No, and will-power by won't-power.

If we wish either to achieve anything or to give up something, we must take care how we use this very doubtful asset of our will-power, for there are these two of them, the Yes and the No, and they are in conflict. 'Yes, I will : No, I won't,' impulse and inhibition, is the essence of the two-ness of mind. It is a power system of plus and minus, and it is built like all other power systems upon a plan of that same two-ness, the law of which is that what is good for A is bad for B. Yet these two parts or force-systems of the mind, for perfect functioning, must learn to cooperate and act as friends. This is the conflict implied within the very nature of all desire, and it is responsible for much wasted effort and ultimate disappointment, in which we sometimes say: 'But I tried so hard!' Yes, and meant well too; but, unfortunately for us, we happened to be backing the wrong horse. It did look good, but Will-power (by Desire out of Effort) is a very disappointing runner, because we can never be sure that he will not turn round and run in the opposite direction when the critical moment occurs.

There is too much of this clumsy fallacy of will-power and conflict taught both in the family and in the school. 'I want my son to be a parson': 'I want my daughter to be good': 'I wish she were a boy.'

THE FAMILY

This is all desire, desire, desire, and implies a certain use of will-power. But is it good, and does it achieve what it sets out to get, or does it defeat its own ends by making enemies where it most needed friends? It does not succeed as a method if it raises resistance or creates false standards. It seems to be part of the law in regard to the use of all power systems that, for all we may wish, either for ourselves or for anyone else, we are faced by a negative against which, since it is there, it is no use indiscriminately fighting. Since this negative (I want and have not) is part of the Law, it is something to be accepted and not rejected, to be 'eaten' and not fought against. This acceptance of the facts of life, in spite of disappointment, involves an act of submission, a passivity of effort and a limitation of desire. It may seem to be a shameful giving in, a miserable betrayal of our post of personal responsibility, but that is not quite the case, for things are not what they seem.

When we first recognize the harm that will-power can do, it may come as a startling surprise. It is quite a commonplace experience, however, to doctors who are engaged in psychotherapy. We do not want will-power from our patients, for we know that what has caused their illness will not help their cure. We want them to stop trying to pull themselves together, in fact we want them to do exactly the opposite, which is to relax and let things go. But this is just what they are afraid to do, feeling that they ought not: for in their illness they have done, with best intentions, what they thought was well.

THE FAMILY

In the work of a psychotherapist, the fact that the patient *wants* to get better and that the doctor *wants* to effect a cure is from one point of view a chief obstacle to progress and success. The process of healing is not aided but inhibited by such desire. This at first may seem surprising, because we are so used to hearing the virtues of hope extolled. Yes, but we must watch the two-ness: for all hopes are not to be so simply trusted. It is better to give up hope sometimes, for it is wiser to lay down our arms when we cannot stand the strain of battle any longer. We cannot have calm seas all the way and it is no use being buoyed up by false hopes to the contrary. We must be willing sometimes to accept the storm and take it lying down, setting on one side both will-power and desire, which are always in opposition to the negative aspect of the will, the other side of the power system. We must be very careful of our desires, because they are always creating for us the balance that will frustrate them, and wishing is the parent of its own disappointment.

So far we have only considered the two will-powers of power (Yes and No), which always seem to be defeating their own ends in clumsy fashion because they are thus engaged in conflict. This kind of will-power does not seem to hold the key to a technique of efficiency. For that we must find the third will-power, the 'C' which is neither A nor B, but related child of both. This is the will-power of wisdom, which is the principle of unity that leads to the 'peace that passeth understanding' (see fig. 4, p. 92).

The will-power of wisdom is related to the will-

WILL WISDOM and the TWO WILL POWERS Light House of Wisdom



NO
Will-Not

The waves of positive and
negative dynamic

FIGURE 4

THE FAMILY

power of power as an antithesis, and they are opposites; for the most important characteristic of the will-power of wisdom is that it knows no conflict because it knows no desire. It is, in fact, the will-power of desirelessness. But that is only a negative definition, and since there seems to be no special word to hold our meaning, we must try to define more positively what it means. The chief characteristics of the will-power of power are two: one is competitiveness and the other is revulsion. Where we find any attitude of competitiveness or of revulsion, then we can feel sure that we are dealing with the will-power of power, with its conflict within the limits of self-will. The will-power of power is the will-power of conflict, the alternating dualism of 'yes . . . no, yes . . . no', which are the two aspects of desire. But the will-power of wisdom has nothing to do with such competitiveness; in fact it behaves in quite the opposite way. Its manners are perfect; it is never rude, because it feels no revulsion; it never says 'No' and is never offensive. The will-power of wisdom is the will-power of a single motive of acceptance—Yes, yes, yes. It therefore has all the technical efficiency of single-mindedness and effortless concentration upon a single far-off goal.

This will-power of wisdom is something with which we are quite familiar, and which we all know from our own experience to succeed. It is strange that there is no word with which we may more readily distinguish it from confusion with its opposite, but there does not seem to be one in the English language.

THE FAMILY

Nevertheless, if we think clearly in the terms of the one, two and three, even without the aid of any special word for it, we can recognize the distinction between these 'wills' in our everyday behaviour. There is nothing unusual or surprising about this third quality of will-power, except perhaps the absence of a word for it. The will-power of wisdom is what is meant by 'love', using that word in the rather special sense of that quality which is to be trusted and admired whenever and wherever it is met.

The exercise of this function of love, which is the will-power of wisdom and forbearance, is not an easy matter, for we are easily prompted by the urgent voice of conscience to action in a contrary fashion. We feel so sure that by our constant efforts we can achieve more desirable results, so that we ought to try to make things better, to try to make these children good. Yes, of course we should: but it is a very vital question as to which is the best way to the desired result. The direct method of force is doomed to failure in the long run, however attractive it may seem to be at first sight as a short cut. There would be nothing wrong about this method if it worked, but it does not, because it omits the law of paradox. The ready success which it sometimes seems to offer proves disappointing when the urgent force flags from its own fatigue, and then a natural and inevitable reaction follows, to upset all our pretty plans to the contrary. The trouble about this policy of 'trying' is that it soon becomes 'too trying': it is the restless over-active way of strain and tension which is known as 'living on our

THE FAMILY

nerves'. It is the way of conflict and of neurosis: it is the way of self-will and exploitation of others: it is the way of will-power versus won't-power, of endless argument in terms of 'Yes, I will: No, you won't.' The alternative policy to any such display of active force is the method of relaxation, which is the 'female' path in contrast with the 'male'. This other way of relaxation is the 'Yes' way; it is the opposite of the 'Yes—No' way, as female is the opposite of male.

However, it is very difficult to see any virtue in a policy of acceptance which seems so like taking our troubles lying down, and we feel that surely we ought to fight to take care of ourselves: but now we are in trouble over this word fighting and its turn has come for the inevitable analysis.

There are two ways of fighting: again these are the 'Yes' way and the 'No' way. The former says 'yes' to everything and so loves the enemy (but still as enemy, and not as friend). This is in fact the way of love, or of acceptance, that keeps contact undefended against truth. The way is difficult: Yes. The pain is bad: Yes. The time is short: Yes—or long: Yes. The child is dead: Yes. Here is a battle indeed that needs no guns or drums to emphasize the conflict. The other way of fighting is as aggressive as it is sure of its own moral righteousness; as dogmatically instructive to others as it has faith in its own power to answer every question: and as determined to alter the march of events in its own favour as any self-willed child. It is not an acceptance of reality but as surely an evasion of it as any coward's panic-stricken flight: only the method of

THE FAMILY

evasion differs, and there are these two ways, by fight (positive) and flight (negative).

Yet if this fact of which we disapprove is true, what else is to be done but accept it, unless we run away from what is true? We fall so easily into the cheaper idolatry of competitiveness and prefer to have things and people neatly ordered on a scale of marks. There is something comforting about all idolatry, it is so pleasing to be fixed good. And since it so appeals to all of us, there is no doubt that our salesmanship will pass it on to children in such a way that it will not only appeal to them, but also appear to them to be both natural and inevitable. Yet this is not the case, for there is this other way, though it sometimes requires much courage (which is itself the policy of an accepted fear) to stand back and do nothing. The way of forbearance, however, achieves wholeness through the accepted two-ness, by saying 'yes' to the dualism of Life's experience. It means, to some extent at least, living above our personal desires and so learning to overcome all revulsion. That may be difficult, but then our task in Life must always be difficult, and we can only make it more so by our wilful efforts to have it otherwise.

The fact that the will-power of wisdom does not use revulsion, when looked at from the will-power of power, sometimes looks both very mad and very bad. But it is a fact that when looked at from the will-power of power, the way of wisdom does look mad and bad, except in regard to the results which it achieves. In fact, posed upon a pedestal in moral

THE FAMILY

and rejective mood, at least half the world looks mad and bad to the will-power of power, as if it ought to be something quite different from what it is. But the will-power of wisdom has the courage of a little madness and is able to see deeper and more clearly by that inner light which enables it always to say 'yes'.

In the struggle and conflict of our lives, we feel that we have the 'right' to liberty, claiming it as something which is ours, that ought not to be taken away from us. This is certainly more true to our wishes, however, than to our experience, for liberty we surely have never had, although we may relatively have stolen too much of it. For liberty is like a poison bottle, on which 'Not to be taken' should be written. We feel so sure, however, to the contrary. Of course we ought to have our 'rights', and so of course we ought to fight in their defence.

But have we any right to interfere? The answer will depend upon whether we really have any rights. These rights that we expect as something due to us, these liberties we claim as ours and sometimes even nobly die for, are they not privileges that put someone else in prison or in pawn? These selective-rejective people who claim the right to choose by saying 'yes' to this but 'no' to that, claiming their right to take such liberties, are putting someone else, if not themselves, at a disadvantage. All wars, whether domestic or national, are fought in just such a good cause, for right and against wrong, in the name of liberty and for the sake of peace. This moral attitude is at the opposite pole from the other kind of

THE FAMILY

fighting, through acceptance and by the way of peace. By this other way, those who accept experience may find that by saying 'Yes' to the two-ness of both this and that, they have gained a real liberty both for themselves and others. For them there is no price to pay in prison, because there is no desire. Nor can they be disappointed, for they have felt no anticipation of their righteous harvest.

There should be no moral persuasion in the use of any personal law, which is unjustifiable interference except in so far as it can mediate and represent the impersonal law of external reality. The characteristic of this impersonal law of life is its desirelessness, its impartiality and profound indifference to you and me and what we want. It is not possible to raise a family well, or in fact to rule or organize efficiently any group or institution whatever, without the practical elimination of the forces of egotism and personal desire. Desire exploits advantage at the expense of another. It causes trouble because it makes conflict both within the self and beyond, in ever-widening circles. It does not matter that the desires are good, such as desiring to get on, to improve, or to be good. We must still learn to curb them under the yoke of accepted facts.

We need to be far more impersonal in all our dealings with one another. Since there must be a ruler in a household, it may well be the clock, which has no desire and whose impartiality can therefore be better trusted not to operate unfairly to anyone's disadvantage. Therefore the clock is a good ruler and

THE FAMILY

children are prepared to obey clocks (if they have not been unjustly exploited) when they are not prepared to obey the desires of parental authority, which are not by any means so impartial.

In order to make more clear the alternative policies of desire and desirelessness, we can refer to them respectively as heat and light, horse-power and candle-power, or as the lifeboat and the lighthouse. In a world in which worship of the policy of action is swift to class inaction with laziness, it is sometimes difficult to act as lighthouse, when the dictatorship of moral temptation is all in favour of acting as lifeboat, with a spectacular dash to someone's rescue. Our hearts are instinctively prepared to prefer heroic rescues and the policy of the lifeboat to that of the lighthouse, power to wisdom, action to rest. We are all possessed of this yearning for power, that must always be doing something, this urgent anxiety to take steps to get somewhere, to be anywhere but where we are. That is why it is so important to set up this other way of the lighthouse as an alternative to the moralized impatience of self-will.

This is not merely a matter of abstract and unimportant theory, but one of most vital importance in everyday practice. For good results in the long run it is much better to keep desire out of the domestic atmosphere and to develop in its place a law that is as impartial as it is impersonal, after the manner of the lighthouse that does not move but neither does it go out. This lighthouse is to be regarded as the symbol of security and of silent warning; as the eye that sees

THE FAMILY

all, but, whether approving or not, retains the same unremitting affection and kindly tolerance, always saying 'yes', even though it does disapprove when little ships threaten to pile themselves upon the rocks of harsh experience.

Of course I do not mean that we should never offer help or that we should always refuse to lend the lifeboat's aid. I do mean, however, that we are apt to forget that lifeboats can be very dangerous things if they give the impression that there really is no danger, for then foolhardiness may go hard on the rocks with its eyes shut. As always, there is this two-ness; we must keep our balance between horse-power and candle-power, lighthouse and lifeboat, repose and action, desire and desirelessness. But it is better that we should know beforehand the bias with which we are prone to lean. The solution of our problems is not to be found in idolatry of either side of life's antitheses, but, remembering the inseparable relationship of each, in the balanced use of both. We must not try to ease the tension of dis-ease by cutting off either horn of our dilemma.

It may be objected that the lighthouse way is the way of the Saint, through the wisdom of his deeper understanding, and that therefore it is not the way for us, whose interest lies in smaller things. But psychotherapists are not saints, although in their limited way they use the same technique with their patients. The fact is that it is a sound working method in spite of our instinctive bias against it. It is the way that works best in practice, whether in home or school. It

THE FAMILY

is the way of a softened image of Reality, in which impartiality has been humanized by the influence of understanding Love.

5

III. SOCIETY

'Fair treatment'; the negative of circumstance; defensive identification; the danger of idealism; some criticisms of Saint George; the 'dragon' within ourselves; Beauty and the Beast; the cowboy; the fallacy of competitiveness; circulation; Reality is a little mad; some paradoxes; the meaning of sacrifice; moral burglary; the creative way in education; relationships; unity and separation; Time and No-time; the acceptance of uncertainty; a way of living.

A patient enjoying his self-pity said: 'I do feel that I have been unfairly treated.' He was a schoolmaster, and an intelligent man. I said to him: 'But do you feel that you have a right to be fairly treated?' He thought for a moment, suspecting that he had sent up a catch, and said: 'Yes, I certainly think I have the right to expect to be fairly treated.' I replied: 'We use the word "fair" in two different senses, meaning either *favourable* or *impartial*: which of these two meanings do you claim as your right?'

It is important to be clear about this two-ness, and to keep our meanings separate and analysed. Until we sit back and think about it (and only too rarely do we think about our words, especially if they are

SOCIETY

only of four letters) it does seem reasonable enough to expect this 'fair' treatment from life. But if the fairness is to be favourable to us, it is clear that we are claiming our rights at the expense of unfavourable treatment for someone else. If experience were always to be favourable to us, then life would be 'fair' for us indeed, although for that same reason it would be more unfair to others.

In practice things go sometimes in our favour, and sometimes the other way. If it is this inconstant quality of experience that is to be our right, then we are claiming something very like that disordered system of conflict and dis-ease which we now have, although we do not always like it because it does not seem to be 'fair' enough to us. But if our sense of what is fair claims impartiality as being justly due to us, then either we are asking for something which we already have in plenty, and more than enough, or else for something as inaccessible as the moon. We can certainly see impartiality, if not complete indifference, in the way in which life sometimes treats us roughly and as if it did not care for us quite as we would care for ourselves. But if in our claim for impartiality we are asking some personal factor to be impartial, surely we are asking a great deal too much. Whom do we expect to be as impartial as that? Not just anyone, for this impersonal mediator at the seat of divine justice is a very rare person. It is most unlikely that the personal factor of our everyday experience should have this uncommon virtue, since it requires that desire should be subdued.

SOCIETY

Impartiality which can say 'yes' equally both to You and to Me, both to pleasure and to pain, and in all things to both aspects of the paradox of Life, is what I have described in the previous chapter as the lighthouse principle. I did not mean, however, to imply that such fairness was within our rightful expectations, because unfortunately it must be very rare. But apart from its theoretical interest, I suggested that when put into practice it might also be of great value as a technique for solving certain problems. It seems, then, that this demand for 'fair' treatment is not so simple when we think about it, unless we recognize that it is in fact exactly what we have already and protest that we do not like. This question of fairness or unfairness, for it is all the same, is a very vital aspect of reality. It is one of the things about reality that we do not like, because it does not seem fitting to our sense of self-importance to be treated so indifferently.

There is something against us from the start, for we are defined against our will within the negative of circumstance. Life is not like Mother, who first befriended Me. Life is not only uncertain: it may seem even worse than unfriendly, for there is this deplorable negative between Self and Society, an implied frustration, an inexorable barrier that is always getting in the way, to make us feel that someone is not quite playing fair with us. This polar relationship of Me and Not-Me, this complicated conflict between ~~self and not-self~~ (which is the society in which we live), is another antithesis of the type of A and B.

SOCIETY

We are bounded by and confined within this knotted negative, which stands between '*I want*' and that reality of circumstance within the limitations of which we are pinned, framed and disciplined.

It is the position of this negative which determines the principle that 'What is good for me is bad for you', and, since you and I are such antitheses, we must abide by this law of our relationship. 'What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander' is probably of more use to egotism than is the balanced opposite of 'One man's meat is another man's poison'. (It is not unreasonable that proverbs should thus contradict one another, for the reality of experience requires the balance of paradox, which is the law of life.)

In the relationship of self and society there is a painful sense of self's smallness and insecurity, which reinforces this hopeful myth of the impending justice of fair treatment. As a result of further experience, however, and as the satisfactory fruition of our desire becomes more doubtful, it is only natural that a strong tension of anxiety should be developed on the part of the smaller members of society. The self feels 'I am afraid' in regard to this large unsympathetic antithesis, society: and surely it feels so quite rightly. Where there is such fear, there is the desire to run away and find the comfort of security, although flight is not by any means a necessary issue of either fear or anxiety. Here again we can recognize the two-ness in regard to the feeling of fear, determined by our attitude of 'yes' or 'no' towards it. There is anxiety as a

SOCIETY

state of dis-ease, which we can still hold within the open arms of our acceptance; and there is the negative response by close-fisted rejection, in which the feeling of anxiety gives place to the defensive behaviour-reaction of flight, which subsequently sets up some state or symptom of disease as consequence. But in the dis-ease of little me and large society, it is very easy to jump the gap of the unpleasant negative, with the false assumption: 'I *am* society.' When I can identify my little self (unselfishly!) with my large country ('right or wrong'), taking in my God and my King as compensatory makeweights to absolve the feeling of dire deficiency in my self, then I can at last begin to feel that I am better than I feared.

But when this has happened it is important to notice how the anxious and insistent urge of my own personal competitiveness has become attached, apparently quite unselfishly, to every object or group with which I have become identified. The enemy is thus pushed out of the way, but he is in fact only a little further off; he is also multiplied according to the number and degree of my various protective identifications. If I can feel 'I am the king of the castle', I shall most certainly feel that you are the 'dirty rascal' who would push me down. Jack Horner's corner in plums leads him to suspect many enemies, both of his pie and of his virtues. This is the way of nursery rhymes and national politics, but it is not the 'lighthouse' way. It is, however, the way of unenlightened orthodoxy and it is too often the best advice, by way of encouragement, that society can give us with

SOCIETY

which to deal with the moral problems arising out of our social relationship.

It is so easy to misunderstand and make the mistake of a false identification, because false enemies are far more satisfactory than real ones. They do not answer back, or if they do we need not listen. They all seem so right, these good intentions, until their consequences come howling against us in hungry pursuit. Life is difficult, we are encouraged to have ideals, and adolescence eagerly responds. 'I want to be good, I feel that we should all be better than we are. I want a better world to live in. I want "Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land". I want a land fit for children and heroes. I want, I want, I want! I want Utopia: I want security with freedom for all. Liberty, the birthright of every citizen of this noble Empire, is the only thing worth fighting for. Down with those who do not feel as I do, down with the oppressors! Lifeboats to the rescue, and up with Saint George for England!'

This is all very well, but it misses the finer point of the argument, because it ignores the other side, which is half of reality. It looks good, but nevertheless this kind of hearty self-satisfaction requires the impartial criticism of a doubting eye. Although its logic is not sound, it is the kind of idealism which many of us have been taught by our parents and in our schools, in our churches and in our history books, in poetry and in prose. We are so familiar with these good intentions, these upward and onward surges of unseen and uncriticized emotion, that we are happy to take

SOCIETY

them for granted as entirely laudable. They are so obviously and blatantly good, these urgent adolescent ideals of 'up with the good and down with the bad'. But in practice they are not so good: for, whether as individuals or as societies, the troubles from which we suffer are not due to the greed of bad men, as we are too ready to suppose, but to the idolatry of stupid ones. Though all men may be good at heart, it is wiser to trust none of them, for in their benevolence they can be so extremely stupid that their goodness is often far worse in its consequences than their badness can ever be.

The phantasy of adolescent heroism with its moral virtues may remind us of its patron saint, Saint George. Since we believe that nothing is good in itself, and therefore no one thoughtlessly to be trusted, it is time that he too should be analysed a little and examined more closely under the impartial rays of the lighthouse and in the scientific spirit. He is by all accounts a magnificent fighter, so do not let us assume a threatening attitude, as if we wanted to knock him off his horse! Let us have a quiet look at him, without exhibiting the kind of courage that looks *for* trouble but rather the kind that prefers always to look *at* it.

First, there are his clothes; he is covered in protective armour, and he will never be able to get very close to any problem with that long lance in his hand. He seems to be a very active gentleman, much inclined to rush about, leaning forward on his horse as if he is looking for other people's troubles; he must always be doing something, taking steps and being

SOCIETY

and doing good. What is he doing? His good intentions have made him feel that this is what he ought to do, and they have been fortunate enough to find something most worthy (or unworthy) to chastise. For here is a good little girl, a spotless virgin who needs to be rescued from this evil-minded and ugly-bodied creature, this scaly fire-eater of a wicked dragon! It would not be easy to find a simpler proposition in terms of the 'good thing' to go up and the 'bad thing' to go down. But when he has finished we may wonder whether he will go home and tell his wife the tale of his bold and admirable adventures. He was not married? No, of course not: but, if he had been, it is doubtful whether he would have found his domestic audience as simple-minded as himself, for women are not easily impressed by such unlikely tales.

Saint George is typical of a certain aspect of the adolescent phantasy of heroism, namely the quest for moral advantage by means of an easy escape from reality. He is not altogether to be trusted, for we may suspect that he owes much of his popularity to the fact that he gives us something that we want, but to which we have not yet earned the title. He offers heroism, not as an adventure in fact, but as an achievement in phantasy. He is therefore the complacent idol of short-sighted and too literal minds. Certainly he stands for more than this: but in our state of mental and moral confusion he may be the national hero for all idolaters, war-maker in chief and breeder of conflicts, whether per-

SOCIETY

sonal, social, national or international. Unless we are careful for him, with his simple system and our self-righteousness, he may become only the patron saint of trouble.

Where did he find his dragon, and where indeed would he be without it? Was it really living somewhere all-by-itself as a 'bad thing'? If so, he was a very fortunate man to find his enemy so obligingly simplified! Are we to believe that our enemies are usually so obvious in their malice as to have a long tail, fierce claws and fire pouring from between their hideous fangs? That is not true: that kind of enemy is only a dressed-up pretence, a convenient mask behind which to hide reality. He is a grand plaything for bank-holiday processions with fireworks, but he is never to be taken literally or without a plentiful sense of humour. What this dragon really represents is not an outer object at all: it is the inner reality of something which we fear as evil, but which exists for each one of us *within ourselves*. It is because our association with it is so intimate that we feel so much safer when we can project it outwards beyond the limits of the self, to call it an 'evil spirit' or a 'dragon'. Thus we feel that we have got rid of it, which matters most where subjective feelings are all of reality that seem to matter. Although the appearance of so much to blame lends the living colour of truth to our confession, yet moral missionaries are dangerous folk. We have to learn to see reality as the living image of ourselves, for thus does our Charity begin at home. Saint George is himself both the father and the mother of

SOCIETY

all his dragons, and they really belong inside his own *self*, where he must train them to his service by another way than casting them out.

Saint George, like everybody else, is both saint and dragon, for we are all compelled to live between the two horns of this dilemma, the twin poles of paradox, the white and black of good and bad. He seems to have discovered, as so many of us do, that it is a much easier policy to dash off in pursuit of somebody else's evil dragon, than to stop at home and deal with the problems and conflicts within the limits of his own mind. He is therefore the patron saint of that aspect of the missionary spirit which is responsible for all the more confusion, because it sails under the flag of obvious benevolence, although its practice is very close to piracy. These self-styled friends of freedom are convinced of their divine call to benevolent interference, and they provide us with the Mrs. Grundys, the D.O.R.A.s, the restrictions, the good advice, the ever-ready lifeboats, in fact, with all the unnecessary means for our immediate rescue from our evil selves. They can be very annoying to those selfish people who like to deal with their own dragons in their own way, thus finding the recipe at least for their own freedom.

The wrong aspect of Saint George is the idol of idolaters because he is himself an idolater. He is so sure that his dragon is a bad thing and that it is best out of the way. But surely the practical common sense of his very simple remedy is questionable; we may doubt the good sense of all missionaries who

SOCIETY

have the feeling that it is their sacred and bounden duty to get rid of that 'bad thing' and put this 'good thing' in its place. Although moral interference may seem to be a policy of egotistic idolatry and a misunderstanding of the way of life, it would be as wrong to suggest that all missionaries are therefore necessarily idolaters, as it would be to imply that all savages are necessarily possessed of the elementary principles of religious wisdom. Believing in the principle of paradox, however, we can safely assume that some 'missionaries' are superstitious, and that some 'savages' may be very wise.

We need not worry ourselves about the missionaries, for they can take care of themselves, but I am a little afraid for the dragons and the savages. Therefore I would like to see a society founded for the protection of dragons of all kinds. I believe that such a society might take the place of the League of Nations, and that, by protecting the rights of minorities while suppressing the dubious moralities of benevolent interference, it would thus provide the sure foundations for peace, whether personal, domestic or national. It is interesting to note that fairy stories know of this other way of 'loving' dragons instead of heroically hating them, for they know of the magic metamorphosis that only love can make. The story of Beauty and the Beast is an example of this other way. It would be more popular than it is at present if it did not seem to be so unpractical and unscientific to those who have not proved to themselves by their own experience that love can cure.



FIGURE 5

SOCIETY

As an alternative picture to Saint George, although we must not be confused by the number or mixture of our metaphors, let us consider a cowboy and the way he rides (see figs. 5 and 6, opposite and below). When

RIDE HIM



COWBOY

FIGURE 6

SOCIETY

we contrast him with Saint George, we see how Saint George leans forward in his urgent anxiety to get on, while the cowboy sits at his ease, relaxed and in reserve. Saint George is covered in armour from head to foot and has his lance in hand, but the cowboy wears an open shirt and carries nothing more formidable than a rope. (Of course I do not refer to the special breed of two-gun prairie pirates.) I cannot help feeling that the cowboy has the better sense of humour and that for that at least a woman would prefer him as a 'rescuer'.

Saint George's method is, of course, always highly dramatic and commendable. It is courteous (to the virgin, if not to the dragon): it is knightly and distinguished, it is very scientific and most 'reasonable'. It is morally perfect; in fact it looks good in every way and has the support of a large number of influential and intelligent people. We are all agreed as to what we want, demanding freedom and security (or 'peace and reconstruction') and feeling that we must have them: the way of Saint George seems to offer them to us rapidly and with the full favour of moral justification. We are offered freedom, security and prospects of material happiness and social honours. Our opportunity for gain does not at the time at which it is offered seem to be an idolatry; on the other hand, it seems to promise well and to be undoubtedly the right way. And yet—there is another way.

The conflict of our disagreement is not as to motives or objectives, for on these we can agree. Our disagree-

SOCIETY

ment is always between the methods by which these motives are being expressed, or those objectives achieved. The antagonists are not really labour and capital, communist and bourgeoisie, the have-nots and the haves. There is a far more important classification into the dualism of two qualities of possessiveness and two ways of possession. 'I want security'; 'I want what is good'; 'I want progress'; 'I want the greatest good for the greatest number.' That is easily agreed upon; but so do we all, for *we all want the same thing for ourselves*. It is only in our methods that we differ between the two antitheses of wise and foolish, becoming arrayed against one another as enemies in opposing camps.

Trying and letting, fighting and loving, rejecting and accepting: these are the two alternatives, the twins of paradox. Which of these two horses entered for the race of life shall we support with our personal approval? One looks good in every way, the other not so good, in fact it looks a hopeless jade to the over-confident critic of material advantages. But one will win and one will lose; and, if we do not understand that things are not always as good as they look, we shall be sorely tempted to back the horse that looks best, which is the one that Saint George is on. Perhaps it is because it is carrying too much weight, but in the long run it doesn't win. Saint George is a promising starter. But he is not clever enough to win, because he must always pick a quarrel before he has gone very far, which causes much unnecessary delay and prevents him from fulfilling his early promise.

SOCIETY

But why should we be so keen on winning all the time? This fallacy of competitiveness, 'I must be first, I must win, I must beat the other fellow, is the social, as it is the individual, neurosis. Because I am afraid, therefore I feel I must have something to hold, so that I may feel safer. I must have money, property or such material things as may offer themselves as hopeful straws at which a drowning man may clutch. Because I am afraid, therefore I must be better than my neighbour, and I must have my nose in front of every other horse. I feel I must have more and have it faster. This competitive race, this idolatry of speed, this vain apprehension of material things, is the curse of civilization, because it fails to reckon with the other half of the law of life, which is the reality of the other phase of the burning, the losing and the failure of all that material progress means. This phase is not to be condemned as bad because of its personal inconvenience, for, whether we like it or not, it is true. It is at least one half, if not the better part, of life.

What is good for A is bad for B. Disappointment waits for all who do not see the gulf of paradox and who are not content to live balanced between both horns of life's dilemma. It is a very practical problem, and affects even the economics of our statesmanship. What should we do with our gold? Is it right to hoard or to spend? Does wealth grow by thrift or by expenditure? We are told that a Royal wedding is a good thing because it leads to the redistribution of £50,000,000. Surely if such expenditure is a good-thing-in-itself we could easily arrange for it without

SOCIETY

the excuse of a Royal wedding? Do our economists really know what they are talking about, or are they backing the wrong horse because it looks so good and because they have not yet learnt by experience the lesson of paradox? Have the bankers really thought it out? I know we can trust them to be *good*: but can we trust them to be *wise*?

Perhaps we should learn more if we were more content to learn from life, which shows so well that things are not what they seem. Every year we are treated anew to an elementary lesson in the surprises of paradox. In autumn the barns are filled with grain, which is something that we want to have, for this pledge of food in store is our security. A farmer with a practical matter-of-fact mind, if a little inclined to idolatry, might say: 'Don't let the grain out of the barn! Don't let the miller have the grain! Don't let the flour go to the baker! Don't let anybody eat the bread! We must hold on to what we have against all our competitors, for look at the value of all this that we are in danger of losing!' In his defensive policy of economic constipation, we should all agree that he would be a very foolish farmer.

It is fortunate that all farmers know better than that, for they have had the advantage of being trained in a real school, not only in an academic one according to good ideas and excellent theories. An economic theorist might think that farmers are quite mad, for they do the strangest things. They throw their seed away; they bury it in the dark. Then, when they are rewarded for their extravagant and unreasonable

SOCIETY

foolishness by reaping a thousandfold, they go on with the same ridiculous and 'superstitious' policy. When their barns are full of corn they thresh the grain; then they send it to the miller, who crushes and destroys it, and he sends the flour to the baker to be put in the oven and baked into bread. Finally, as the crowning act of waste, it is eaten and destroyed entirely.

Mad as it may seem, this policy of circulation and alteration cannot be really mad if it is so true to life. We can theorize and pretend that life works the other way, because we feel sure that it ought to do so in obedience to our theories of what are good and bad; but that extravagance of our own self-assertiveness is liable to lead to very awkward consequences and much unnecessary pain of final disillusionment and dissolution. Fear and forbid it as we may, the end of all material things is the same—they die. Their death is so obvious that we fail to notice that they can die into life; yet this simple paradox seems to be the law of the way in which things are made. They must pass through these alternate phases of living and dying, which is the rhythm of the vital circulation. Not only is it true that things have a habit of dying into life, but also (and this is sometimes even more shocking in its painful surprise) of living into death. This is not difficult to see and understand, nor is it as odd as it may at first sight seem, for it is everyday experience. Everybody knows the truth of it, but their language and way of thinking, coupled with their anxiety and flight from reality, make it very difficult for them

SOCIETY

fully to realize that they know it, so that they can order their way of living by the truth of paradox.

Paradox is always a little mad, and it demands courage to face the united quackery of reason. Do we want security? Then perhaps it would be better to disarm, for it is certainly not safe to trust in anything as fallacious as competitive armaments to keep the peace. Was not the disarming of the Police Force a dangerous and unreasonable thing to do? It was one of the daftest strokes of constructive courage and imaginative policy, and in the way it has worked in practice it has surely proved to be one of the best. The craze for competitive armaments shows how long this saner policy was before its time.

Do we want freedom? Then the first thing for us to do is to accept our limitations and find the boundary of our own precise definition. We must learn to live on the edge of our own negative, 'I am *not*', for this is our working frontier, our prison and at the same time our expanding horizon. Do we want a sense of assured possessions and inviolable security with peace of mind? The way is plain: certainly we must not tie ourselves up to any external things, all of which we must be prepared to lose eventually. House or furniture, books or honours, we must hold them all loosely, prepared to stand alone and stripped, without their aid. They may be enjoyed only in spite of themselves, without apprehension. Let them 'burn', for only within is it possible to find that inner is-ness of our own being, which is the basis of any feeling of real and lasting satisfaction that we may ever hope to have,

SOCIETY

Do we want wisdom? Then we must not rely upon the help of other people; we must not read their books, or attend their lectures, or ask too many questions as to what is 'good'. In fact we must learn to be very careful with our mental diet, taking but little of the rich food of other people's knowledge, not any more than we can easily and thoroughly digest for ourselves. Then when we have eaten it, we must see that it is all digested, burnt up and destroyed. Knowledge becomes a foreign body for most people because they try to absorb it too hurriedly; the mental indigestion which it then sets up is the cause of much subsequent dis-ease.

Some of us feel that we would like to keep the precious grain of our experience locked in the granaries of memory, so that we can show it to others, saying, 'Look what I have in my barn.' It would be better for us all, however, to sow experience in the darkness of the living soil of self, where it is lost until it can be born again as character. Although we might vote in preference for a memory, there is much to be said in favour of a forgettery; for those who are in all things apprehensive find in memory something with which to hold and fix, and it is the tempting servant of the idolater. But there is this fallacy in the idol of a good memory, that what is good for the memory is bad for the forgettery, because it does not readily allow for burning.

The answer to the vexed question, 'How best to live?' is not so difficult if we will but learn from the way in which we are made. Surely we should live

SOCIETY

according to the laws of our own being: not as necessarily dominated by it, but as being able to find our freedom only within the accepted medium of this physical bondage. We can learn much from observing the way of behaviour of our physical apparatus, the ebb and flow of motion and rest, the conflict of impulse and inhibition, and the interaction of the vital parts.

We live through the means and medium of these bodies of ours. Sometimes they seem very stupid and unreliable, and they are fragile and prone to disease; but, even when they seem to have let us down, there is much evidence of good intentions and even of a great deal of common sense. As in the movement of our lungs when breathing, so in all the workings of the body we can see this two-ness, this double-sidedness of coming and going, living and dying, the Yes and the No of the rhythm of circulation. Perhaps an excellent but very theoretical economist might decide that it was necessary for his good that he should hold his breath for the rest of his life! If he were to stand at the exit of one of the valves of his heart, we can easily imagine how appalled he would be by the unnecessary extravagance of good red blood. As he watched it pouring out, he might justly say, 'We shall surely be ruined if we do not immediately stop this appalling waste!' But that is because he would be seeing only one side of the two-ness, forgetting that the circulation always works both ways. Every Debit is balanced by its Credit in the account books of life. For every outgo there is an income, and if

SOCIETY

there is no outgo, neither can there be any income.

If our hypothesis is one of two-ness and balance, sacrifice need no longer be regarded as a moral virtue, for it becomes only common sense and a matter of fact. It must still be regarded as a moral virtue, however, by all those who can see things only as a one-ness, because they are seeing only one side of the balance of which they cannot see the other half. Yet if we think in terms of the two-ness and of balanced relationships, we do not need any sense of moral virtue to justify the part we play in this everyday matter of the circulation of vital forces. There is no great virtue in the beating of our hearts, in our breathing or even in keeping our heads in a crisis: nor is there anything upon which we need morally to congratulate ourselves if we happen to be a farmer who sows his seed in spring. Such conduct is the merest platitude of common sense and the sooner it is trimmed of all moral significance and spurious sentimentality the better.

A good way to start an interesting debate at a rather dull dinner table is to make a statement of this kind: 'Of course nobody is really to be trusted with money.' Someone is certain to rise in protest at this tempting bait, as willing as Saint George to combat any dragon. He will say, 'What, do you really believe that everyone is dishonest? What a cynical view of human nature!' But alas, no, it is not so simple as that. If that were all, the problem of living would be comparatively easy, for dishonesty is not much to be feared. It is the honest stupidity of people in authority that

SOCIETY

is the cause of the trouble. It is not that they would steal the money—indeed, it might be better if they did—but that their economic morality leads them to be idolaters with it. Their sense of responsibility is such that they fail to burn it and have no other sense of its value than to hold it still. The full extent of their crime is that all their good intentions should be so stupid, but it is a crime for which there is no punishment other than the disturbance which follows upon any infringement of economic laws. So much moral burglary goes free, while the sincere and more praiseworthy dishonesty of the more material burglar finds the concerted disapproval of authority in punitive league against him.

Another rousing dragon for the dinner table is: 'The greatest force of evil at the present day is Education!' This is not meant to imply that education is necessarily an evil thing, but that, all things being in a state of two-ness, even education cannot be either good or evil in itself. The same statement might be made about Religion with equal half-truth. On which side of the two-ness of its latent possibilities does it stand? If it is not all that it pretends to be, if it is flying under a false flag, if its premises are bogus, then it is time the two-ness were more clearly analysed.

For instance, do we emphasize in our teaching the two-ness of relationships or the one-ness of things-by-themselves? Although it may be regarded as literary orthodoxy in essay-writing to set up two antitheses which come together and have children, this habit of creative parenthood is not by any means regarded as

SOCIETY

a technique of general validity. But surely the same creative principle works as well in many other ways. The indirect method of getting the antecedent conditions right, so that the desired consequence naturally follows, is a better system than the direct method of the word of command that attempts to order its results at will. The principle of the two-ness is not the way of giving this-which-is-good and taking that-which-is-bad; it is giving 'these', the two poles of relationship which are the parents of meaning and value. It is always dangerous in our education (*educare*—to nourish) to give too much to eat, for both appetite and digestion are limited. If we are to enjoy what we eat and also assimilate it, it must be but little at a time.

Idolatry is the temptation of education, because the promise of known and quick results seems so good, both to teacher and to taught. It offers quick returns and works by cramming in lumps of knowledge, mere isolated furnishings and fixtures, which are in theory so many good things to go in, to replace the bad things which must come out. But it is a very false idea of feeding which aims at giving a good B and taking away a bad A, for, by ignoring the balance of facts and choosing only half-truths, such a system of education only presents, in the end, so many pictures of the same idolatry.

But this method has another effect which is even more seriously inconvenient in practice. Where something 'good' is idolatrously assumed (e.g. by cramming out of books) it is good no longer, for it has lost its virtue and has by its position changed its value in

SOCIETY

the mind to 'bad'. If it were burnt and so assimilated into A it would be a positive acquisition: but held in the mere memory of consciousness at B, it has the effect of an undigested foreign body in the mental stomach, acting thereby only as a negative and destructive agent in the mind.

By keeping all things falsely separated, for the apparent convenience that thus we may master them piecemeal, instead of united by their roots, our minds must find everything confused. Not only do teachers want to teach idolatrously, for so it seems good to them, but children also want to be taught that way, because it seems to save trouble and defer anxiety. We all want something for nothing, or at least, as cheaply as possible: and we are very easily deceived by wolves in sheep's clothing.

As teachers, what is the best way for us to persuade someone else to do what we want him to do, and to give us what we want to have? We have power over another person only through his desires, not through our own, for the only way to affect him is through his wishes. If he wants something and we can make him even think that we can give it to him, we have thereby to some extent gained power over him. All children want something, for they are in a state of anxiety and frustration: they want possessions, they want power, they want security and they want love. But the very vital question is whether we are going to give them the real thing, or only something which is a superstitious idolatry. Either in spite or because of our best intentions, it is too often only the latter.

SOCIETY

We can formulate the four-ness of this problem thus: AB: ba: which represents the correspondence between the teacher (A and B) and the taught (b and a). How to get from 'A' to 'a', through the medium of 'B' and 'b'? It seems easier in our anxiety to order 'b' about with 'B' and leave it at that. Because children are afraid, they will ask for short cuts and a quick 'b', and because we are afraid we shall be all too ready to give it to them. Thus can education serve idolatry to idolaters, rather than reality, responsiveness and creativeness to developing minds.

If the way to write an essay is by formulating antitheses so that these two parents may have many children, is not this in fact the way of creating all meaning? It seems to be necessary, if value is to be real and not idolatrous, that it should come out of this apparently rather complicated and roundabout way of breeding. Culture or growth does not come alone out of the absolute, but is dependent, as are we all, upon its relatives. We may think, in our simplicity, that if we want a child to have something good, why not give it something good and have done with it? Take Shakespeare and the Bible, for instance; both are 'good' (or so you hope, although even that is not always obvious), so why not give them to someone? Surely we are morally bound to do so, as good Christians or expert altruists! But the result of such enforced simplicity in our egotistic thinking is often fatal, and may make it subsequently impossible for the child to see any good in either. By forcing it upon a child in this direct way we are greatly in danger, not only of

SOCIETY

losing it ourselves, but that the child should lose it too.

Culture will not goose-step to our orders: it can only grow, dependent as a seed upon its soil and the uncertain movements of nature in the course of time. How then can we get this something 'good' to grow naturally and spontaneously in the child, and what are we to do? We can find the suitable parents for our good ideas, an A and a B to make a couple within the mind of the child, so that something can take root and grow to make a living C of created consequence. But it would be better still to let the child find the A and the B for itself, and these inward parents can then sow the hidden seed which we are not able to give by any more direct or simpler method. If A and B are rightly related, C may be left to take care of itself, for where the teacher preserves the candle-power of the lighthouse rather than the direct horsepower of the lifeboat, the balanced couple of A and B grows into a trinity of A, B and C. Education should thus feed balance to the mind, that things may find their meaning and their value, as if truth were discovering itself, rather than being forcibly discovered.

It is no use having things simply and falsely separated for us, for that is the parent of our worst confusion. We must in our own time have our own experiences of feeling and thinking, seeing and doing; as also of the circle and the square, of self and society. Then we can say 'yes' to both sides of the balance: to Self and not-Self, to yesterday and to-morrow, to geography and history as related space and time, even to pain and pleasure, good and bad, for both

SOCIETY

are aspects of the Truth which we must learn to accept, even if we do not learn to like them. It may at first seem strange to suggest that the bad must be accepted, but surely it is in fact as true to life as the good, and all our values and meanings are the children of such mixed parents in relationship. The bad is as useful as the good, and the rim of a wheel is no more useful than the axle. Indeed by pursuit of such analyses we may even be led to suspect that death is after all no worse than life.

The unity of mind comes from very careful separation, but not from selection according to principles of egotistic choice moved by desire. Having performed our act of discrimination, or separation without isolation, we then find that there is not really any difference between analysis and synthesis. For when once the parents are identified and separated, they come together again in their own way and the child of meaning or value is born.

~~Perhaps~~ the way of paradox requires more leisure, but certainly the way of anxiety demands more speed. The short cut may seem the quicker way, but it does not always turn out to be so in practice. 'More haste less speed', says the proverb. One of the paradoxes of to-day is that, although we are obsessed with the ambition of more speed, we are only on the very fringe of understanding the meaning of Time. It cannot be said that our history books are studies in perspective, nor can philosophers or theologians tell us much about it. Psychologists recognize the importance of impatience, but they do not seem to think

SOCIETY

that *time* (which is also *rhythm*) is worth study, or, in fact, that it presents any problem at all. So far their language has hidden its importance. There are signs, however, that this may soon be changed and that a scientific study of Time, with all that it includes besides clocks, may before long have done much to alter the map of some of the hitherto apparently fixed points of science.

Since Time is movement in relationship, it could not have been studied in any absolute terms of a language of one-ness. Only when we learn to think in moving two-ness, always in terms of relationship, can we approach the problem of Time with hope of understanding a little of what it means in relation to its polar antithesis of No-time or Eternity. At present, however, the square still remains victorious over the circle, and Speed dominates its parent, Time. Speed is regarded by some as the great achievement of this present age, because it is the means of making more rapid contact with others at a distance. But this is less than half the truth, for it may as easily be that speed is the quickest way of finding separation, since it is the child of anxiety and competitiveness.

When reality for us is only Time, which does not include its twin-brother Eternity, the balanced opposite, then the god of our idolatry is this limited span of our material lives, bounded within the medium of a space-time continuum. This seems to us to be the utmost space of Time that matters, and the very limits of Reality. The present Now of each moving moment is lost in ready reference to this larger Now

SOCIETY

of life, yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. But this is not enough, for it is most important for our balanced mind that we should rediscover the practical fact of the present imminence of Eternity. It is of vital importance in the way in which we live our lives, that we should realize not only the meaning of time, but also the fact of the coexistence of Time and No-time, and of all time in this fleeting moment *Now*. Here, then, is another important aspect of our concept of two-ness, that we should come to realize the imminence of Eternity as part of the couple of Time and No-time, using it not as a metaphysical abstraction for theologians, but as an elementary principle for the saner guidance of our lives. However matter-of-fact this Eternity or No-time may be in our experience, from the point of view of those who are accustomed to think only in terms of one-ness, it must sound to be at least a little mad.

To those who dwell amongst the unrelated absolutes, Eternity is but a religious myth. For them it is a suitable plaything for superstitious parsons, but it cannot be regarded as work for scientists. Only if we think in terms of two-ness can it be different, for then we think of the couple of Time and No-time, of two related half-truths as completing one another. In order to maintain balance in regard to life, it is essential to have equally in mind the A of Eternity as well as the B of space-time *Now*. To think thus is not to be credited with any moral virtue, nor is it necessarily to subscribe to any theological pattern, nor is it to suffer from the vagaries of an amorphous mysticism or an

SOCIETY

exaggerated imagination. To feel this sense of contact with eternity is an essential part of our sanity and balance, of our social perspective and our wider understanding of experience, because the temporal and the eternal are each equally important aspects of the balance of reality. It is only from our contact with eternity (or no-time A) that any real sense either of security or worth can be developed and retained.

It is quite certain that there is no security to be found in material space-time B. Try to fix it as we may, that system is a dualism in a state of flux, manifesting itself between the boundaries of life and death. We must remember the axiom and be warned, that

SPACEtime and NOtime



FIGURE 7

SOCIETY

what is good for A is bad for B and what is good for B is bad for A. If we insist upon having our security in space-time B, then we must be prepared to find that our roots in eternity are feeling very thin and worn. We shall still feel insecure, for our sense of the importance of possessions will only have added to our fear of losing them.

The diagram (fig. 7, p. 133) may help to make this dualism of centre and circumference, spirit and matter, more clear. Our task in reality involves both, for the spirit is compressed within the irksomeness of its incarnation B, as centre in circumference. 'Faith can remove mountains' only in the absence of desire, so long as it is prepared to take the central path in silence and in emptiness. The fallacies of undisciplined optimism, the half-truths of material minds, the impatience of children and the urgent assumption of 'nerves' would all try to move from B to B¹, without regard to time and space, confusing the omnipotence of the infinite centre with the finite limits of space-time at the circumference. They would insist that B can be treated as if it were A, but this is not the case. Thus, while denying the existence of the spirit, some of us assume possession of its powers without allowing for its discipline. Either we must obey the laws of space and time, moving from B to B¹ in pursuit of the desired objective by toil or trouble as we may: or else we may take the central path, BAB¹, moving by the longer way round to find the shorter way, in fact, to 'home'. But since both ways are open to us, we are wise to include them both within the

SOCIETY

limits of our experience. Sleeping and waking, intuition and reasoned consciousness, central A and circumferential B, each is useful in its turn and not to be ignored. (In reality, being a paradox, the shortest way between any two points is not *always* a straight line.)

The only way in which we can come to whole terms with reality is through recognizing the co-existence of our roots in the no-time of eternity (A), and of our material body-minds in the space-time of the temporal (B), connected by an umbilical cord to maintain our strength and nourishment (C) (see fig 2, p. 62). To do so, however, exposes the very wound of our anxiety itself, for it lays bare the whole prospect of the unknown moving in the darkness, of which we are so afraid and from which we have run away as best we may, reassuring ourselves with our moral justifications, our scientific scruples and any other good reasons we can find for doing so. Thus by one straw or another we have tried to hang on to our material security, feeling sure that this apprehensiveness is the way of salvation and the cure for all anxiety. It would not matter if it worked, or if it were the way of salvation and if it did indeed cure anxiety. But the contrary is the case, and idolatry of B is only successful at the price of its own failure, sooner or later—and the price is usually paid by others besides the idolaters. For sanity as for success, we need to find the balance of both A and B which will develop a good C, whatever this may be.

It looks as if so many of our ideals, whether of

SOCIETY

perfect children or perfect parents, Utopian politics, pure rationalism, superconsciousness, prolonged life, watertight science or absolute materialism, are likely to make fools of us because they are only half-truths. They do not 'work' by themselves, and they leave us in the end on the wrong side of the paradox. In the beginning, as we look facts in the face, they may seem simple and straightforward: but as we advance in our understanding they often seem to change and stand upon their heads.

Surely we are wise to be afraid amidst all this uncertainty. But what are we to do about our fear? If we are prepared to be so careful in our language as to distinguish 'fear' (the feeling) from 'flight' (the defence reaction), then fear is a very normal and a most important feeling component of our attitude towards life. It is right that we should be afraid, but it is not often right that we should run away, though that, too, is sometimes wise. But if we are afraid, what are we to do about our fears? There is no need to bring the word 'ought' into it; let us be quite honest, and, in a life which often threatens to be insupportable, let us support ourselves as best we can. What is the best way? Does this frantic apprehensiveness, this clutching at promising straws, really afford us comfort and support? It promises well, but there is no material thing to which we can hold fast at death. If things are then so helpless, is our knowledge any good to us? Alas, it is as difficult for a man to get into the Kingdom of Heaven (where his peace passeth his understanding) with a full head as it is with a full

SOCIETY

purse; for both form only part of the material superstructure of superstition, which must all be left behind. In fact, all the carefully preserved armour of our defensiveness is no good to us when the crisis of our living into death comes, for we cannot take it with us. There is, in the end, so deep a hopelessness about all our attempts at defendedness, that it should teach us in the beginning to learn to do without it.

Where fear and anxiety are part of the reality of life, the sense of safety is only to be found in accepting danger. We must learn to face this dualism with equanimity, 'I want safety, but I have danger.' 'Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.' Even hard-headed and vote-dependent politicians must one day learn that there is more defendedness to be gained through disarmament than by scraps of paper or masses of steel, that possess only the illusion of security. Yet how can we expect our politicians to be wiser than the people who elect them? Which is it to be, the armoured way of Saint George or the playful looseness of the cowboy? The one seems preferable and safer, but which is going to be the better? Do not let us worry about moral scruples or being good, for they need not influence our choice. Which is the way that will pay us the biggest dividends (but not necessarily material ones) in the long run? Being the fools and cowards that we are, surely we cannot afford to make mistakes.

But what is the measure of our problem, and what are the forces that will strive to influence the freedom of our choice between A and B, towards the idolatry

SOCIETY

of illusions and external appearances? What we are up against is a great inertia of resistance, for it includes not only all ignorance, but also all seeking after positions of privilege, all anxiety and all institutionalism, all competitiveness and all striving for something better, all superiority and all schemes for Utopia, all neurosis and all flight from fear. No wonder that life is difficult, with so many good intentions playing the devil with our way of living.

Which is to be the way: Saint George or the Lighthouse?

There is a solution of all our problems by means of a certain way of living, a technique that even in a variety of circumstances may always be the same. It is a simple way, and in practice, like many simple things, it is very difficult. During the span of life, as we have grown from childhood to maturity, we have met two different kinds of experience, between the antitheses of life at home and life in society, life amidst protection and privilege and life amidst fierce and often brutal competition. We may call these two types of experience, on the one hand 'Life-with-mother', and on the other 'Life-against-father'.

This, then, is the plan: though circumstances change, treat them both the same, and, accepting each for what it is, let us be the same to 'father' as we were to 'mother'. Though life is dangerous, let us still be as undefended as if it were safe. We must learn to love our enemies, not as if they were our friends, for that is not true and would be very dangerous; but love them as enemies, as we would our friends, not

SOCIETY

because that would be good for them, but for us. The pleasant, kindly mother-experience, or play phase, of our early years, is to prepare the bridge across the gulf that separates child from man or woman, that our way of living may learn the play technique for service on more serious occasions. In these formative years we should learn both the positive and the negative of life, to recognize the statement 'I am' and also the definition 'I am not'. Our attitude towards life may then become one of acceptance, both of Yes and No, of pleasure and pain, of 'I can' as well as 'I cannot'. As we learnt to do when we were children, so in the end we can now preserve the same attitude of acceptance to the whole. For this is the life of Faith, and this is that same childlikeness of which it was said, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven'.

It is this technique that I mean to describe by using such terms as the lighthouse way, the middle way, the way of balance and of illumination, the way of love and of acceptance, the way of freedom from interference and intolerance. If life itself is dangerous, of course any way of living must also be dangerous, and this technique does not offer any exception to this rule. But nevertheless, we may adopt it, not only because it is 'good', but because it is both the safest and the wisest way. It is the way of a better salesmanship and a longer view, that may be proved by experience to be the way that wins on the whole, in practice, in the end.

IV. SCIENCE

Definitions; external reality; the medium of observation; the subjective factor; revulsion unscientific; meaning of immorality; a plea for accuracy; sentimentality and crime; danger of purpose and the ulterior motive; pure and applied science; the missionary method; criticism of psychological critics; the need for humility; limitations; the meaning of proof; the science of dreams; the Time-law; the cinema as analyst; two kinds of analysis, reductive and balanced; the idolatry of sex; ignorance is not a bad thing; the function of Science.

We are on holy ground and since we cannot take off our shoes, we had better begin with a definition. What is Science? Or at any rate, for the purpose of our present discussion, what shall we agree to mean by it? Is there something that we are inclined to take too idolatrously within the meaning of this word? If so, let us be warned in regard to our definition, that even if it may be criticized, that does not matter. We will agree to keep it alive and to use it as it suits us, to play with it, knock it about and burn it in the end as we choose.

As the dictionary to which I referred was too lengthy to be helpful, I rang up a scientific friend and said: 'What is Science?' He was the right man

SCIENCE

to ask so difficult a question, because he was not only able to tell me quite shortly what I wanted to know, but he also supplied the one word which mattered for my purpose. The definition which he gave, with apologies for his inability to do better in the absence of due warning, was the following:

‘Science is a method of correlating data obtained from the study of *external* reality.’

It is this word *external* that I particularly want to emphasize, because it is the word that may clear much of our confusion. Without it we shall be in a great controversy on all sides: but with its aid I believe that we can learn more easily to ‘love’ and understand those of our ‘enemies’ who disagree with us. They differ because they have left this most important word ‘external’ out of their definition of the word Science.

External reality: here is our limitation, but what does it imply? Let us take an apple and study it scientifically, in this sense of examining its external reality. At first we look at the outside surface: we see the skin and that is all. If we are good scientists we can easily go further: we are faced by the question ‘What is below the skin?’ and we take a knife and peel it to see what is underneath. Here is more apple: but we are not even now beyond the external reality of our apple, we are not yet inside it, although we are beneath the skin. So we cut the apple in half, in order to get inside, but still we see only the outside of the inside of the apple. Do not let us get annoyed at our disappointment, but let us patiently go on cutting until we have

SCIENCE

the smallest possible piece of apple. Have we seen inside at last, or are we still only seeing the outside of the inside of the apple? Let us do more. Let us put a piece of apple under a microscope, let us analyse it to its chemical constituents, let us burn it to residual ash; but still we cannot get inside the reality of the apple, because always we are only seeing the outside of the inside of its reality.

My friend who gave me the word *external* gave me all that I wanted. He was prepared to admit that the scientist should be content to regard himself as the man who can see but one half of reality, the outer half. This half is very important and never to be ignored or despised; but, if it is regarded as being by itself a whole, it can only tell a lie, for not only does it miss the other half of itself, but it also fails to appreciate the essential quality of the relationship of these two antitheses of inner and outer parts. The wholeness of reality is a three-ness composed of two separate parts, together with that other factor which is derived from their relationship. Because of its narrow persistence upon this external point of view, Science is liable to prove itself possessed of a dead hand instead of a living touch. It may become both blind and sterile, through being unaware of these or any other of its limitations. Too often in effect it says: 'This external reality which I describe to you is all that is true; this is the whole of reality, there is no more'; and, to those whose vision need not be so limited, it sometimes seems to make a fool of itself by this needless narrowness of vision. Is Science too, like Beauty, to be

SCIENCE

only skin deep? Is there to be no more than this surface view of Reality, or has science taken too much upon itself, failing to examine the reality of its own limitations?

Let us take a most important step of analysis which science sometimes forgets. Let us divide Subject from Object, 'I' from 'me', the observer from the instrument through which he makes his observations, and see what difference that will make. We make our stand then with one foot on either side of this dualism of the 'man' and his 'weapons', and recognize this fundamental two-ness from the start. With what weapons does this scientist measure his so-called reality? Are they not 'external' too, being objects for his convenient measurement of an apparently objective world? Then they come within the legitimate scope of his observation, for they are themselves part of his 'reality' and must not be forgotten. Science must acknowledge its own tools as well as its limitations: it is no use looking through a glass darkly unless we recognize that the glass may influence what we see. If there is any pattern etched upon it, then reality will appear to repeat this deep design, so that it seems to prove its obvious existence.

The collection of knowledge is full of traps and pitfalls for enthusiastic but unwary 'scientists', into which many, and those not the least silent, seem to have fallen. The scientific era, for all its achievements, has professed too much and grown beyond itself. Its claims require much careful analysis from the epistemological standpoint: or, to put it more

SCIENCE

simply, it needs 'debunking', before it can take its proper place as the greatest force for truth in the whole realm of our experience. The correlation of the data derived from external reality is but one-third of the scope of the scientific method.

A false concept of science creates a false antithesis between science and art, as well as between science and religion. Life is a unity expressed within the terms



The whole philosophy of
REALITY

FIGURE 8

SCIENCE

of a dualism, but confused thinking can see only the conflict of its own disorder. Art is the living study of reality, but science, being concerned only with its external form is, from these limits of its definition, dead. Art will always see both sides of reality as well as the essential quality of relationship, where science can only see a mechanism in material form (see fig. 8, p. 145). When science makes the mistake of calling the part the whole, and ignoring the necessary discipline of its limitations, it is liable to become the dead study of living things. This is a particularly fatal position to adopt when the branch of science is Biology or Psychology, which involve the study of living processes.

We created our own idiom of the balanced circle so that we might the more easily avoid this mistake of ignoring the inner aspect of reality. The language of this idiom is dualistic, balanced, circular: it does not move in straight lines or absolutes, but in curves of movement and relationships, the inner and the outer, the 'A' and the 'B' and the quality of relationship between them which I have called 'C'. Reality, which we may hope to carry in the vehicle of our language, comprises the positive and negative poles, and the consequent reaction of a tendency to movement under stress and strain. These two poles are the affirmative and the negative, the latter never to be regarded, however, as just 'nothing', but always as an aspect of positive reality. This negative is the definitive, the marginal circumstance of the enclosing and limiting circle. In its own way, it is as positive as that which

SCIENCE

gives it form and shape, for we are all dependent upon a negative definition: 'I am *not* you'; 'This is *not* that.' When we use the negative in this way we are using something which is real and concrete, positive and affirmative of the gap which defines the difference between 'this' and 'that', 'me' and 'you', 'I' and 'me'. This negative is the mediator between the two parts of reality and always implies its balanced pole, the opposite. It is the arrow-head of all analysis and the dissecting agent of discrimination.

It is easy to understand that there are these two, A and B, the outer and the inner aspects of reality. Almost every scientist, however diehard, would be ready to concede as much; but would there be the same general agreement as to the real existence of C? It certainly has no 'external', concrete or material justification to demonstrate its existence. There is this *it*; and there is this *me*. But these two by themselves are quite inadequate to describe the reality of the third factor of the relationship which *it* bears to *me*; for what also matters, and surely most to me, is that 'fact' which 'I' may feel about 'it'. The same *me* can feel either 'yes' or 'no' towards the same *it*. As the 'me' feels positive or negative about it, so my reaction and its consequent movement in behaviour may be one of approach or flight, which is a very real matter and a most vital distinction. But in our lettered jargon it is not either A or B, but C which has the privilege of defining this essential aspect of reality.

For instance, it is not the fact of fear that matters and 'me' is not so important; but the reaction be-

SCIENCE

tween 'me' and 'it', as to whether I react by 'yes' or 'no' to fear, is surely the vital part of the reality of the situation. Yet we can very easily lose sight of it altogether, where language not only permits but encourages us to regard everything as if it were something by itself. Anyone who would regard *me* as something by myself and *it* as something by itself would miss the vital point, namely, that what reality is to me is determined by what I feel about it. But this is what science is very liable to do by its insistence upon externals, because reality in its full and true sense is not the external material world of familiar science. Reality is movement and moves always in relationship. Those scientific rectitudinarians who would regard reality as something to be studied by itself, to be put down and fixed with the assurance that when we come back it will still be as we left it, have created a fiction and an illusion for their own convenience, which can only stand at all as it becomes supported in time by the language in which it is framed, and by the hypothesis upon which it stands. Such pseudo-realists do not recognize the law of movement in relationship, without which science cannot observe the wholeness of reality, in fact without which science cannot be.

Once more it is the problem of the two alternatives, the moving circle and the fixed four-square. Can science move and take the fluid form within which to mirror the movement of reality? If it cannot, but if it must adopt the square form of material rectitudinarianism without preserving relationship with the

SCIENCE

inner movement of dynamic meaning, then of necessity it must become not a science but an obstinately ignorant, defensively self-righteous and hopelessly priggish morality. The evidence of such departure from the way of the scientific method is the appearance of *Revulsion*, which is the distinguishing feature of a protective morality. It is this most commonplace and everyday exhibition of revulsion ('I cannot bear it'), this dependence upon the dictatorship of pleasure under the disguise of a morality ('It ought to be different'), that is the temptation of mankind, whether as scientist, artist or priest. It is this lapse into sentimentality, where the *not* is ignored because it is not liked, that makes bad science as it makes bad art and bad religion.

Although I discussed the subject of morality at some length in *Morality and Reality*, I had not then made clear to myself the meaning of 'immorality'. It is no use saying that because 'there is no bad thing' therefore there is no such thing as immorality. However much the word may be misused and misunderstood, it still stands for something on the moving grades of meaning. But what is to be our criterion of this 'sin' or 'immorality', if it is no longer to be either 'sex' or 'selfishness'?

If we are no more to be content to blame these two for all evil, we must find something else to take their place. I have looked around, but I can only find one sin, which appears at first sight to be two. The first of these is *intolerance* and the second is a false tolerance, or *indiscriminateness*. But intolerance is itself a lack of

SCIENCE

discrimination, since it fails to recognize the important difference determined by the definite negative: 'I am *not* you'; 'This is *not* that.' Then our two 'sins' are reduced to one, which includes intolerance: and that is the sin of indiscriminateness or false tolerance, which may also be called *inaccuracy*.

For any self, my intolerance is my inability to discriminate between myself and yourself, which is due to the omitted negative that should rightly stand between us. If I can make that fundamental act of discrimination, and recognize that I am not you, then I can be tolerant. Here then is a simple definition, for us to prove by applying it to all questions of a doubtful morality: '*All sin or immorality is due to a failure of discrimination.*' It is a wide definition of sin because it includes all intolerant conflict.

Any antithesis that may appear to exist between science and religion is a false antithesis, which only seems to exist because the manner of our thinking is lacking in essential discrimination. The battle is not between science and religion, it is between two ways of thinking. There is the way that discriminates and the way that does not, the way that sees all experience in terms of a dualistic relationship and the way that sees things standing only by themselves. If we can think in such a way as to discriminate adequately, then we have resolved this conflict and found the unity of the circle which lies behind the apparent dualism of the square. All conflict is phenomenal, but it becomes imaged within the confusion of our thoughts if we think only phenomenally. The con-

SCIENCE

flict between science and religion is not in life itself but in our thoughts of it, for life is a unity that includes them both. The conflict that matters most to us in our experience is that which exists between confused and clear thinking. We must learn how to discriminate, for only then can we approach reality with that humility of understanding which comes from recognizing the limitations of our instruments.

Now that we have defined our sin, let us consider the meaning of 'crime'. At first sight it may seem an easy matter to understand what is and what is not crime, until we find that the judgement of our disapproval depends upon a social criterion of what is not convenient or not approved. Now the social order which determined the code of crime is itself not above confusion and may err in deciding upon the standards by which it judges. Therefore we want a definition of crime that will cover both the society which punishes and the criminal who suffers punishment. For this comprehensive purpose the following play upon words may be provocative:

'Crime is due to inability to discriminate at a crisis, owing to a false criterion of criticism.'

There is dualistic play running throughout this sentence, in which each of the principal words comes crying to our aid. Discrimination is an act of separation into component parts, a judgement by reference to antitheses. Faced by the horns of a dilemma, it asks 'Which way, this way or that?' If we knew better what were the factors for deciding our behaviour, with adequate discrimination there would be no

SCIENCE

crime. The point of crisis is the focus for our act of discrimination, the turning point or cross-roads at which to exercise that illusion of an act of choice: not that which is 'best', but that which is for me the *only* course that can be taken in the circumstances. The criterion is the standard by which our choice is tested, the other half of the determinant of behaviour. 'I want, but I feel I ought. . . .' Criticism is our capacity to set up a standard of comparison, to test this by reference to that. A false criterion must engender a false criticism.

The sentence is also interesting because it shows verbally the connection between crime and discrimination, and suggests that it is the standard by which we judge that matters most. It emphasizes the importance of this essential principle of dualism, without which there can be no judgement, be it right or wrong. The words speak for themselves, as words should do, and suggest their own answer to our question 'What is crime?' Criminal behaviour is due to an error in understanding, a failure of accurate observation, a lack of discernment. Here again the words themselves help us, for *discrimination* is the same word as *discernment*, and also has the meaning of *understanding*. There is this same sense of balanced two-ness all the way. But which way should we go for our safety? The answer is always the same. The way of truth is the way of safety, but truth is paradox and must always be seen as the wholeness which is more than two half-truths. Therefore we must learn to seek for the related couple, holding the balance of both so that we can

SCIENCE

span the dualism with toleration, and so accept the apparent conflict. We must use our instruments accurately to illuminate, separate, relate and understand, for every moment is a crisis which calls for an act of discrimination.

Crime and sentimentality are twins born of impatient egotism and undisciplined desire, and this should please us all. It is impossible to be too keenly critical in our disapproval of (but not revulsion from!) the crime of sentimentality, the inaccuracy, the untidiness and the confusion of it. It has the splurging, slippery motion of a piece of errant soap exercising the privilege of its own free will across the bathroom floor. It is the grosser immorality of science and of art, as well as of religion, and it is always a failure and falling from the grace of a nicer discrimination. It is essentially a lack of analysis, a confusion of this with that, a failure, perhaps, to recognize that there is anything to analyse.

What is this Reality which is the playground for our science to study? The scientific method begins with observation, which is illumination without interference. It then proceeds to analysis by dissection, separation, comparison and definition of relationship. First, let reality be observed, then let it be dissected. Then, when the matter is open, in the silence, let it speak for itself without interference either from the observer or his instruments. 'I am I: it is it,' says this Reality, implying the ever-present boundary of the negative which is both definitive and constructive. 'This is *not* that.' Here is the whole, the two parts of

SCIENCE

the dualism of experience, self and not-self, but don't let 'me' interfere with 'it'. This is not 'the best', this is 'the only' way. We must be prepared to tolerate this discrimination against ourselves and accept this discipline. The fact is simply here: *'it is'*. Be it alive or be it dead, be it animal or be it human, be it past or be it future, *it is* the law. There is this active 'is-ness' for our observation, but not for our interference other than as mediators, bridge makers, go-betweens or lighthouse keepers. Then science may peel the apple of experience, it may remove the husk from reality, it may get down to the very kernel of life; but all the time it is held within the bondage of its discipline, stretched across the abyss of the duality of relationship, which formulates the inner and the outer aspects of the law.

The enquiring mind of anxious curiosity is faced by a challenge: 'Mind your own business!' Why is this a thing that none of us can easily do? It is not that we are prevented in our desire to learn by observation: it is only that our urgent discipleship of understanding should learn to tolerate the discipline implied by the way of learning. The trouble begins as soon as we become sentimental about ourselves, feeling that we are prompted by some higher 'purpose' to achieve our much valued goal of knowledge. It is this sense of purpose which is so dangerous, so suggestive of sentimentality and so fruitful of crime. There is a purpose and implied morality behind every crime, but I doubt whether science can be allowed any purpose whatever in this sense without overstepping the limits of

SCIENCE

its necessary discipline, and becoming engaged in crime. This plea of purpose is a part of personal desire that does not belong to students of the law of Life; when it enters into Science, Religion or Art, someone will be interfered with by intolerance, and we shall see another example of bad science, bad religion or bad art. It is the principle and not the purpose that matters most.

Let us keep to our principle of analysis, and recognize the distinction between pure and applied science. In the latter there is certainly purpose: but is there in the former? The pursuit of knowledge for its own sake by a pure scientist has no purpose whatsoever; he is not interested either in purpose or in propaganda, he seeks not for what is good but for what is true, and he does his work not in the best but in the only way. He behaves as the lighthouse which tolerates even the surrounding darkness, but not as the lifeboat which would rescue humanity from the wreck, as light from darkness, or knowledge from ignorance. Pure science should never moralize or interfere, and need never regard its function as to improve or alter anything. The only role of science is that of the impartial and all-tolerant observer. Propaganda, comparisons, invidious distinctions and desirable improvements are not part of the function of the scientist.

We can go further and add that they are not part of the function of the artist either, whose task it is to interpret the whole of life as he finds it, but not as he would like it to be. To engage upon the purpose of its improvement is an act of sentimentality, an escape

SCIENCE

from reality by filleting it of its spine and substituting for its sterner code the easier plasticity of a wish-bone. The artist is as much under the discipline of reality as the scientist, and as much dependent for his sense of truth upon the fundamental act of discrimination between 'I want' and 'it is'.

But we can go further still and say that purpose and propaganda are not part of the function of the religious teacher either, for he also is bound within the same discipline of reality. 'It is: I am: he is: she is: we are': surely such facts as these, that speak in the silence for themselves, should be enough? But it is so easy for sentimentality to creep in with its sanctimonious justification of 'I want' by the supposed morality of purpose. Let the artist paint the picture, but not for propaganda. Let the scientist make his discovery, but not for the good of humanity. Let the religious teacher also accept reality as he finds it and not assume that it would be 'better' if it were different and thus happened to please him more. The missionary method is often near to blasphemy. Sentimentality sees faults instead of facts: and the criminal intelligence, which is unable to discriminate, sees only crime where life presents its raw material for observation and analysis. The *is-ness* of experience is enough, without the sentimental pleasure of apparent purpose.

So much, then, for the scope of the scientific technique. There is no reason why it should not include the A, B and C of experience, which is also the field of art as well as of religion, for all may recognize the wholeness as being within the scope of their legitimate

SCIENCE

responsiveness. That 'science' which stands by itself at B and excludes both A (the unseen) and C (the quality of relationship between the two factors in the dualism) will be failing in discrimination and therefore be guilty in fact of the fault or crime of sentimental superstition. It will, of course, be as sure of its own faultless orthodoxy as it is intolerant of the obvious fallacies of others, whose views of life differ from its own by being more balanced and complete. The dogma of its orthodoxy will most positively state: 'There is no other reality but external reality and my science can wholly describe it. There is no other god but B, whose name is Reason. Facts are things which stand absolutely alone and are so fixed that they will still be there when I come back to find them, for such is the privilege of proof. Religion is intolerable because it cannot think straight: it is all phantasy and so cannot be fact. Artists are all a little mad, but can be forgiven for serving a useful purpose. Mystics are certainly quite mad and cannot be forgiven because they do not serve any useful purpose whatever.'

Many superstitions such as these pass to-day as high-grade science, but surely their level as science is as low as is the logical standard of such indiscriminate thinking. Yet such views as these too often pass as the sterling currency of respectable orthodoxy. Here are two short quotations, both of which represent a 'scientific' attitude towards the great psychologist, Jung, whose view of life is larger than that of some others, as is shown by his reversion to the use of such a word as 'soul'. (Surely this word is the hated

SCIENCE

anathema that exacts the acme of revulsion from all those 'scientists' who do not understand its meaning.)

The first quotation is from a review of *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, which appeared in a leading psychological journal:¹

'Our first reflections on reading this book may lead us to a comparison of Jung's teaching in his Freudian days with the doctrines here set forth. But this train of thought gives rise to a more serious consideration and one tinged with greater regret, namely, the proof here given of Jung's desertion from the ranks of science and his retreat into the obscurantism of agnostic religion.'

How easy it is to be rude, where criticism is not limited to the balanced statement of accurate analysis. 'Desertion from the ranks' and 'retreat into obscurantism' are serious allegations to level at anyone, but from a pseudo-scientist no abuse is too bad for anyone whose view of life is both living and eternal, and who so knows his 'A' as to reintroduce the word 'soul' into the respectable language of experience.

The second quotation is from an excellent textbook on Psychopathology which well represents the views of orthodoxy at the present time.² This is the author's opinion of Jung:

'The inescapable irrationality of what is hardly even conscious in the greater part of the race must

¹ *The British Journal of Medical Psychology*, Vol. XIV. Part I. pp. 89/90.

² *Psychopathology* by J. E. Nicole, 2nd Edn., p. 53.

SCIENCE

ever repulse those whose training and bias has taught them to rely upon logical reason as the only legitimate method of learning and adaptation.'

In these few lines we have some material for a study of idolatry. In his use of words, the author does not seem to look far beneath their surface to find their meaning. Even his use of language seems to regard superficiality as a virtue, or he would take more care with the flame of what they mean. 'The inescapable irrationality': it seems that he does not like the suggestion that there is something too great for reason to contain, so he describes this nonexistent something in terms of a deficiency of that which is less than itself. All that he can say of this unbearable unknown is to blame it for its 'irrationality', as if A is something 'bad' because of its B-lessness, or woman 'bad' because she is unmanly or even (but not necessarily) inefficient. As regards 'inescapable', he can be reassured that nothing is inescapable, for it is always possible to escape from what we do not like by the simple process of pretending that it is not there. 'Irrationality' is a word to be used with care, for it is full of hidden meaning for those who believe that anything invisible can yet exist in spite of being concealed. It contains the word 'ratio', which suggests rations, implying both nourishment and discipline, which are the positive and negative poles of feeding. In this word *ratio* we can see the implication of a two-ness, a this and a that, both a measure and a standard of comparison. But are we to measure reason only by reference to its reasonableness? Or is there

SCIENCE

to be a ration on reason: if so, by what law or standard is it to be so rationed?

Although some so-called scientists may be so one-sided as to fail to distinguish between themselves as observers and as instruments, it is in favour of the psychology of Jung that he always emphasizes the two-ness and balance of experience, regarding 'conscious' and 'unconscious' not as a 'good thing' and a 'bad thing' respectively and apart from one another, but each as parts of the wholeness, irrational ratios in the balanced force-pattern of the mind.

It is our critic who has exceeded his rations and lost his ratios, where Jung exceeds him in his obedience to both these necessary qualities of the scientific discipline. A little further on we learn that we have been taught to rely only upon logical reason. But have we in fact been so instructed, or is this uncritical assumption now generally regarded as a pretentious fallacy? It implies an assumption of sensorial adequacy, for reason is an extension of the sensorial apparatus for interpreting reality through the medium of the senses. Are we expected to believe that our senses tell us the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? Or is it more reasonable to believe that our instruments can only tell their own tale, abstracting from reality according to the limits and measure of their own image, thus giving us a limited impression in their own language, which must subsequently require our own interpretation if we are to understand? Then should we be right to assume that this subsequent interpretation, while it is still held only within the

bounds of reason, has attained the fullness of truth? It seems at least a very dangerous and quite 'unscientific' assumption to jump to the conclusion that 'logical reason' is adequate to describe reality, whether that is physical or mental. It sounds like one of those sentimental fallacies of unrationed assumption, where the wish is father to the thought, and myopia is its mother. There is really no adequate ground for making such a claim, and the more we think about reality the more we realize how little our judgements have to depend upon. We should certainly hesitate to assume that either reason or sense organs are adequate to describe reality. Perhaps they may be, and such a possibility should not be altogether excluded, but it is certainly most unlikely and seems to be quite impossible. We know well that we are fed with lies by our sense organs all the time, which we interpret one way or another, and by means of which we sometimes obtain a fairly clear image of reality, but sometimes not.

To return to our pseudo-scientific critic. The words 'hardly even conscious' seem to imply that anything which is 'hardly even conscious!' has very little (right to?) existence. If the assumption is that anything unseen is therefore not there, then this is certainly not good science, although it is the vaunted claim to superior reasonableness made by many who pride themselves upon their material-minded matter-of-factness. 'Must ever repulse'—intolerance, thy name is legion; but moral repulsion is not usually so frankly claimed as scientific evidence! 'Training and bias' is

SCIENCE

a very suggestive association of ideas for those who are prepared to suspect that there may be more than a remote connection between the two. 'To rely upon': oh, would we not like something upon which we might happily rely in a world which is not in the habit of giving us what we want! And this logical reason (of which we may presume the critic has afforded us a sample) is to be 'the only legitimate method of learning and adaptation!' This is not science at all, it is sentimental Satan rebuking unsatisfactory sin. Although it may pass as such amongst men who take the name of science in vain, quite apart from the confusion of its logic, it is very near to unenlightened superstition. It is the very fact of crime as I have defined it, in every scientific sense, for it is sentimentality dressed up in the idolatry of a prejudiced morality.

Science is more humble when it remembers the ground upon which it stands, the basis of its understanding. There is a fundamental factor of pattern or design called a hypothesis, which is a convenient assumption, a system of measurement and a trick of language that underlies all our observations. It is the pattern etched upon the glass through which we choose darkly (although unconsciously) to look at life. Knowing human nature, should we not suspect that motive may give some pleasant bias to this its secret mode of understanding? In a world in which things do not feel so good, we would like to stand on firm ground, where we can always rest secure, feeling sure that we can never be let down. So we would prefer

SCIENCE

that our fundamental hypotheses would be something upon which we could always rely, and about which we need not think and are never to be reminded.

It is a disturbing thought for those who favour their rational security, that our thinking, as well as the language within which it is framed, are both 'inescapably irrational', whether we like it or not. But now at last the time has come when even these sacred hypotheses, the foundations of science and of language too, must all be checked up in the light of the scientific method. The observer must observe the manner and meaning of his tools, for, when once we realize the way in which motive creeps in unseen to give many twists to our ideas and opinions, nothing can safely be left to unconscious choice and selective self-defence. Everything, even the science of language and the language of science, must be subjected to impartial observation and criticism, for the wish may have been father to the thought and given bastard birth to the hypothesis of absolutism, as well as to this rebellious priggishness about the reliability of reason. Such a platform as is provided by this absolute, unchanging and never-to-be-criticized oneness would be very comforting to stand on in our terrifying world of movement, flux and change. Modern science has proved that reality is movement, and it is not to be wondered at that we should feel afraid and want to keep something fixed amid all this uncertainty. But since it moves, Science also must be prepared to move if it is to represent reality.

SCIENCE

There is no reality that is not a function of relationship; there is no scientific experiment that is not dependent upon its conditions. Alter but one condition out of many and we may alter the result. Whether the experiment be in the concrete and material physical sciences or in the very vital science of psychology, the law is the same; our observations will always depend upon the relations which are involved. Therefore our claim of 'proof' must always be qualified by such implied words as 'in these conditions', and 'under these circumstances', such-and-such an 'effect' was observed by these instruments to follow such-and-such a 'cause'. Proof in any final or absolute sense there can be none, for all results depend upon this abstract quality of relationship.

Since we must have our hypotheses, we should also know the price we pay for them. They are dangerous servants who may take advantage of us when we are lulled into the sleep of false security. As Sir Arthur Eddington has pointed out:

'We have found a strange footprint on the shores of the unknown. We have devised profound theories to account for its origin. At last we have succeeded in reconstructing the creature that made the footprint. And lo! it is our own!'

This is small reward for large labours, but it is all that we deserve if we do not watch the footsteps of our understanding. This idea of one-ness as a thing-by-itself is an outworn mode of defence for our anxiety, and needs to be abandoned for the hypothesis of dualism or movement in relationship, which, al-

SCIENCE

though it seems to require more courage at the start, gives us less trouble in the end.

There is all the difference between these two idioms or modes of thought, and they must be kept apart, for they are opposites. To translate from the one language to the other is to undergo so complete a change of heart that it may be called a conversion. That which was one by itself now owes its existence to its relations, whose movement makes meaning. That which was good (Yes!) and bad (No!) is now 'only' a matter of fact. That which was fled from is now accepted with observant toleration, even if it hurts, for thus will it hurt least. All meaning suffers change by this alteration of the structure of our thought: the very phenomenon of form itself, the meaning of value, and the direction of the way in which we live. According to the manner of thinking which accepts the paradox of dualism, there are always these two determinants of meaning and value, A and B, which are the twin poles of reality, and that which is the outcome, C, the child of circumstances. Therefore science itself must recognize that it stands between these two poles, which are the foundations that rest under any subsequent hypothesis it may choose. The scientific method is a bridge which stands between the two moving poles of the known and the unknown, and to science the unknown is as important as the known. Ignorance is no longer to be regarded as a 'bad thing', but as a necessary balance. This was better known 2500 years ago than at the present day:

SCIENCE

*We put thirty spokes together and call it a wheel;
But it is on the space where there is nothing
that the utility of the wheel depends.
We turn clay to make a vessel;
But it is on the space where there is nothing
that the utility of the vessel depends.
We pierce doors and windows to make a house;
And it is on these spaces where there is nothing
that the utility of the house depends.
Therefore, just as we take advantage of what is,
we should recognize the utility of what is not.¹*

This matter of the hypothesis or root-principle of our thinking is not an abstract and unimportant one, because in one way or another it constantly determines the nature of our conclusions. For instance, it affects methods of treatment. The exponents of psycho-analysis may say, 'Of course, psycho-analysis must be a better method of treatment than suggestion, because it removes the cause.' This may be true (a) if there is a cause and (b) if, being present, it should be removed. On the other hand, those who are in the habit of effecting 'cures' by suggestion may equally claim to have 'proved' that 'suggestion is a better method than psycho-analysis, because it redresses a maladjusted balance'. This may be true (a) if defective adjustment to life is a matter of balance (b) if balance can be effected by suggestion. What are we to do but prove which hypothesis is right? But that is not so

¹ From the *Tao Te Ching*, translated by Arthur Waley, in *The Way and its Power* (Allen and Unwin).

SCIENCE

simple either, for proof in practice is a very personal matter. Both methods of treatment are constantly being 'proved' with varying success.

In fact, the word 'proof' has two meanings, for those who adopt one hypothesis or another. The scientific old-timer working on his hypothesis of absolutes will say: 'Oh, but you can't *prove* that to me.' He has a very serviceable idea of proof, which is that by some magical virtue possessed for his convenience he can put a cold fact down somewhere and go away and leave it, feeling sure that when he returns he will find it unchanged where he left it. Something that was free and mobile has been fixed, proved 'absolutely'; that is very convenient, but, unfortunately for him, it is fallacious. However, he feels safer with that kind of evidence, so that is what proof means to him, all else being awful error.

But this is not what proof means, in spite of his insistence to the contrary: for his own convenience someone seems to have turned the word upside down. Proof means trial, test (the French *épreuver* and the printer's 'proofs'). If we are told 'Go ahead, try it yourself and see how it works', that is all that anybody can ever expect of proof—but of course it is rather a trial to be told that we must try anything for ourselves. Yet this is the case, and the responsibility of proof is a personal matter that rests upon each one of us. The original exponent can define for us the conditions under which he made his trial when it worked thus for him, and others so may prove it too: but of course we are not he, and since all proof is con-

SCIENCE

ditional we must see whether this 'me' of mine is a necessary ingredient, without which results will prove themselves to be different. This way of proving is a very vital test which should prevent us from becoming abusive about the impossibility of another person's experience. We can only go so far as to say: 'So, under the circumstances, it happened to me; but I can't prove it for you. If you are interested you must repeat the circumstances as far as you can, and prove it for yourself. But remember that you and I are both conditional, relative to circumstances and therefore not to be ignored amongst the many other factors.'

There is a modesty, a fundamental humility and a profound uncertainty, about the exponents of the true scientific method that is noticeably lacking amongst idolaters of all kinds. Because there is an absence both of desire and purpose, there is a greater sense of responsiveness to contacts, an unvarying insistence upon relationships and a freedom from exploitation of the evidence. The mental attitude of science may humbly say 'As things are, so will I soak my ignorance in their understanding, watching all the while,' but this is much less than the more active will of masculine domination.

The essential quality of two-ness is the accurate separation of subject and object, observer and observation, the eye from the view, the instrument from the screen on which it projects the picture, I from me and self from not-self. This stress upon relationship introduces Time as having an importance previously quite unrealized, for Time is an aspect of re-

SCIENCE

lationship, the significance of which may easily be lost when the two-ness is confused into a seeming unity. Perhaps the cinema has played its part in teaching us the reality of relativity, for it may have helped us to realize that the screen is not all, since what we see is but an illusion that depends upon what is happening elsewhere. We are presented with a seeming reality, which is a trick and an illusion, although a very satisfying and entertaining one. We experience in all simplicity and for our entertainment a sense of two-ness, for there is the film in the camera and the screen before our eyes, there is one time on the clock upon the screen and another on the clock in the cinema. We can appreciate the possibility of being filmed looking at a film, to give us a picture of the recurring decimal of 'Serialism', which is like seeing oneself eat in a restaurant full of mirrors, where there is no end to this series of the observer and the observed, of the self which is conscious and of the self of which I am conscious. But always these couples come two at a time, and in fact (but not in the fiction of our minds) there is no point at which the synchronism of identification between the observer and the observed truly exists.

Beyond all other questions Time is the problem of the immediate future. When we more easily recognize dualism and use the dualistic hypothesis, we can then begin to bridge this gap in our knowledge of Time by means of the scientific method. We thought when we looked at the clock that that was 'the time'; but then we thought of an absolute

SCIENCE

time as a thing by itself conveniently fixed to a wall or carried in a pocket. Who could think that dreams might be worth scientific study or that they might tell us anything about the meaning of more material clocks? Prophecy is pronounced illegal by the law, and surely that should be enough to prove that dreams could not see into the future. Experiment, however, may very easily suggest that dreams do not obey the law of our expectations in this respect, but do in fact break through this decent veil which separates the past from the future.¹

This problem of our sense of time is one which affects our attitude towards children very intimately. If the child is moving slowly in its growth, sometimes we think that it ought to move more quickly, and so we try to push it faster. But there are clocks in children with which we should not interfere. 'I want it *now!*' is a time problem both for the child and the adult, and the acceptance of a time-law is the essential principle of all adaptability. Patience is not only a virtue, it is a matter of elementary obedience to the technique of the scientific method. Whatever else it may be, Time, like Space, is a fact: not a thing-by-itself, but an aspect of reality, which is a space-time relationship. For instance, it is an obvious fact in Medicine, although it is curious that it never seems to have been regarded as of importance. But there are so many ways in which our bodies act as clocks. How long are we going to live? How long does a

¹ J. W. Dunne, *An Experiment with Time* and *The Serial Universe* (Faber & Faber).

SCIENCE

broken leg take to heal? How long does measles take to develop and for how long are we infectious? How long does blood take to coagulate? How long does it take to digest our food? Scientific investigators can answer all these questions statistically, and give us the average figures for all these things. *But why should it be so?* Why should the allotted span of our lives be three-score years and ten, while for a butterfly it is a mere matter of days? And why should so much more generous a period be allowed for an elephant, a parrot or a turtle? These facts are such as pass us by: but what do they mean?

Why is there this matter-of-fact time-law for all things, this temporal aspect of reality, which is so obvious that we do not seem to notice it? No question can be answered until we recognize our ignorance and find it worth asking: time is only now beginning to be recognized as an important question. It was not a question that could interest anyone until relativity was recognized, and the observer separated from his observation. But for most of us this confusion still remains, between the observer and the observed, between what time is for me, what I think about time and what time really is.

Let us use this as a working definition: 'Time is movement in relationship'. There can be no sense of the reality of time until the sense of relationship has developed its own language and its own way of thinking in terms of relative movement. Our sense of value and self-righteousness may well be irritated by this perpetual qualification, this 'if' and 'but' of an in-

SCIENCE

tolerable relationship. Embraced by the rival claims of Dilemma, we can surely understand the longing for simplicity which inspires the feeling 'How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away!' It would be so much easier for me if your time were mine and if we all were simply one, which one was me.

In the urgency of our uncertainty we feel we must race or kill time. Because we are all so frightened, therefore we are impatient to get what we want, to find some end which is security. Impatient as we are, therefore, we set off upon our panic of competitiveness. We must be better, better, better! We must go faster, faster, faster! We must win more prizes, prizes, prizes! It is small wonder that there should be this great intolerance of time. We would get ahead of time if we could, and the gospel of our nervousness is the idolatry of action, with all its moral superiority over that laziness which is in fact its other half. How intolerable to the active Western mind is the 'laziness' of the East.

'They are so intolerably slow!' 'They have no sense of time!' But are not we confusing spacious time with anxious speed? This idolatry of action has for its god Responsibility, but by that other way of responsiveness we may still find action, yet without idolatry. Action by responsiveness from power in repose is action in tolerance and in truth.

Surely it is not too much that we should expect the scientific method to be tolerant and inclusive of the two-ness, so that it may allow this coexistence of the

SCIENCE

A *and* the B, the positive *and* the negative. Can man allow, if rights at all, then equal (but not necessarily similar) rights to female and to male? Why must there be this continuance of a masculine overwhelming material rational idolatry of so-called external reality? For there is this two-ness of experience for all who are not idolaters, or too blind to see it. Why then should anybody be rude about one half of it? There is intuition and there is reason: there is flame and there is form; but the superstitious will always find it hard to tolerate either the female, the intuition or the flame.

Besides the cinema, Psychology has also unwittingly played its part to some extent in developing a new revelation. Freud rediscovered the importance of analysis, and developed the therapeutic technique and research method of Psycho-analysis. Did he realize, however (and the question may be asked still more pertinently of his followers), that analysis is an act of separation of two parts in their relationship? It is doubtful whether the psycho-analysts have discovered the larger meaning of their favourite word 'analysis', for it is not necessarily a reductive process at all. There is this difference between analysis and disintegration, that whereas the former sees both the inner and the outer aspects of reality to form together the whole, the latter is interested only in crushing something to pieces in an attempt to reduce it to its smallest parts and so find out the ultimate 'cause' of its beginning. True analysis will always bring into evidence the relationship of A and B, the separation

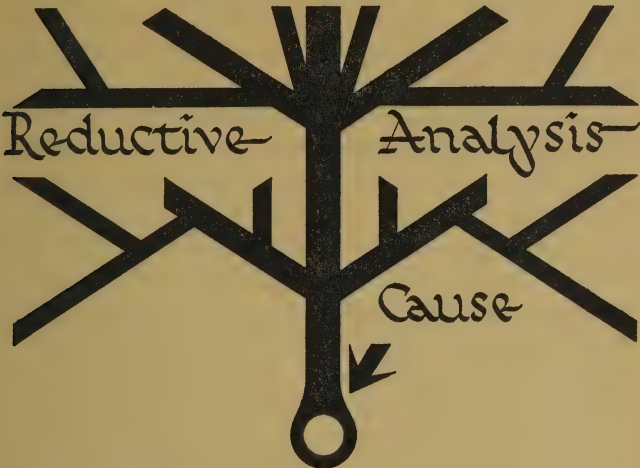
SCIENCE

of the component parts of a two-ness. Like everything else, however, it may be taken idolatrously, when it becomes quite a different matter. Then only one object of pursuit seems to matter, the hounds are in full cry after the fox, and analysis becomes a serial process, seeking a doubtful 'end' or state of 'cure', which occurs when the alleged 'cause' of the disorder has been discovered. Thus there are two kinds of analysis, dependent upon this subtle form of the hypothesis of one-ness or two-ness. The former is a serial or causal chain (reductive analysis); the latter is a balanced pattern of related couples, a phasic alternation, both aspects of which are equally parts of truth (analysis of balance). (See fig. 9, p. 175).

Either of these methods of analysis may be applied to human psychology, but the former (one thing at a time in serial relationship) is more liable to create a successful state of idolatry than to develop a deeper understanding of the wholeness of the A and B relationship. Analysis of this kind may do worse for the patient, by carrying separation past all balance to confusion and disintegration. Analysis by the other method takes and weighs both this and that aspect of experience with the same gesture of acceptance, 'yes, yes'; then this is separated from that, but always in relationship with its opposite to preserve the balance of the whole.

Sex is the idolatry of the psychologists, but the principle of 'section' is far more important than that aspect of it which is 'sex'. All life is determined by this two-ness, and we must obey the same law in our

ANALYSIS OF ANALYSIS



Balance



FIGURE 9

SCIENCE

analysis. The relationship of the sexes is only one aspect of this greater two-ness. Analysis performs an act of separation, resection, discrimination, dividing the A from the B, but accepting both with equal affirmation. It then defines the nature of the relationship, without competitiveness and without revulsion. Simply I am, you are, with no 'moral' atmosphere to obscure those moving facts. As we stand, each alone, we are capable of developing our relationship, and from our relationship our meaning to one another. Of course we shall be afraid, but that is part of the law of life. Sometimes we shall want to run away, but that is part of the game too.

There is nothing wrong in fear or flight, but it should be rightly used, so that even when we run away we should only do so in order that we may subsequently be the more able to make the great affirmative 'Yes' to experience. 'Yes, I will come back and see you again later, but meanwhile I am going to bed.' There should be this merging between the two parts of the two-ness, this tolerant acceptance of other-ness, this mutual affirmation in spite of fear, so that between receiving and giving there is freedom for the vital circulation to take place. Ignorance is not a bad thing; it will always be the necessary negative and balance of more positive knowledge. It must never be ignored, in spite of our fear of the unknown that would lose it if we could.

Science can best fulfil itself within the marriage of knowledge and ignorance, I know and I know *not*, but which is to be regarded as the better half of

SCIENCE

science? Ignorance is the source of our appetite for knowledge, without which prejudice becomes static with inertia. But it is more than that, it is the foundation, the pillars of the temple of knowledge, the everlasting arms, the darkness that encloses light.

It is important at the present time to make this larger claim for science, that by being free from superstition and idolatry it should become more effective in its scope, illuminating our understanding and giving us power over external and internal reality. The difficulty is one of language, but it is not impossible to overcome it if we make use of the two-ness by means of circles, the anchor, A, B and C, the lighthouse method, jujitsu and loving your enemies, any or all as a means of saying the same thing by one idiom or another. The lighthouse method is the scientific method, and it is the hope and goal to which we slowly move. But it depends upon our capacity to develop objective detachment and accepted two-ness. This state of impartiality, tolerance, respect, sympathy, understanding, balance, is as desirable in the home as in business, in the professions as amongst the sciences, and particularly in politics and in religion.

But let us be careful and be warned, or we shall only repeat the same mistake of creating another morality as falsely confusing as the last. Not even the scientific method is good in itself, for nothing is reliable and we can so easily make fools of ourselves with any ideal. Sufficient justification for the scientific method is that it works and is the wisest way in practice. Do not let us start patting ourselves on the

SCIENCE

back because it is good, or we shall fall into the pit of another immorality. Feeling good ourselves we shall then want something better; we shall feel sure that someone else has something worse, which is a bad thing for him in solemn contrast with the good thing which we have ourselves. Thus are we constantly tempted by the offered bait of progress to overreach ourselves and fall lower than we need.

As yet it is too soon for any of us to be missionaries, for at present we are only on the fringe of understanding the vital implications of this extension of the scientific method to the whole of our potential experience of life. Until now, Science has been and still is being used idolatrously; but the scientific method used with understanding, humility and tolerance may one day become the obedient servant of the Light that can lighten the world.

V. MEDICINE

The physician's problem; relationship of body and mind; the vital force; instincts; the negative of circumstance; dis-ease and disease; the defensive negative; symptoms; the 'morality' of health and disease; flight from reality; the immunity of defencelessness; idolatry in the patient, the nurse and the doctor; a danger from anæsthetics; fear of death; some experiences of death; intuition; jujitsu; impartiality.

What is the scope of the problem with which the physician must deal? It includes both body and mind, but what is the relationship between these two? If they are partners, which of them is the senior, upon whom rests responsibility for issuing instructions and maintaining the unity of the whole?

Which came first, the body or the mind—the chicken or the egg? This cannot be altogether a foolish question, because it is answered in such different ways. There are people who believe that mind is master of the bodily situation: they claim the rule of 'Mind over matter', and appoint this somewhat uncertain function in charge of the business of living. But, as is always the case in such important matters, the experts disagree by poles apart, and there are

M E D I C I N E

others who would put responsibility the other way round. Their text is 'Mens sana in corpore sano', and they claim that the body is so much the more important, that if all is well with it, then the mind can be left to take care of itself. But if the mind is sick, they say you must first cure the body, for that is the 'cause' of the trouble.

This difference of opinion makes the art of medicine more difficult, for it has become involved between these mixed and conflicting philosophies. It is not one system but a mixture of two. In spite of being the unfortunate victims of so much confusion, however, it is difficult to interest doctors in philosophy. They have been taught Materialism without knowing that, whether it is adequate or not, this is a philosophy of life. Therefore when exponents of different but philosophically unconscious systems meet, they find it difficult to understand one another, because they are talking a different language based on another hypothesis. Where experts fall out, the general public must rely on popular myths and personal reputations, aided by the arguments of heated prejudice to fill up the numerous gaps in the continuity of their common sense.

Let us leave these grounds of argument, agreeing as is our principle that each has a half-truth of scientific merit, for this is always the case with these apparently insoluble arguments. As a way out of this dilemma, let us examine the possibility of adopting another hypothesis altogether, which includes the other two in a slightly different arrangement. Let us

M E D I C I N E

make our analysis from a different angle. The organism is both functionally and developmentally an indivisible whole, so let us regard *Bodymind* not as two separate functions, but as only one aspect of this organism, of which the other aspect is yet to be defined. This Bodymind concept is 'B', for the 'mind' is no more 'A' than is the 'body'. Then comes the important question: 'If Bodymind is B, then what is A?' Scientists of an external reality may limit their investigations to the 'B' aspect of reality, studying the forms, patterns, systems and mechanisms of the external reality of the Bodymind system. Those who prefer, however, to regard the scope and method of science as including both the inner and the outer aspects of reality, the 'A' as well as the 'B', will show as great an interest in the one as the other, allowing for the existence of both in joint relationship, whether in first hypothesis or in the more extensive language that is derived from it. But what is this central function A? We shall, I hope, discover more as we proceed, but for the present let us retain for it the humble symbol A, first letter of the alphabet, rather than use any terminology which has been used before, because there is none which has not been misused and abused.

Perhaps it may be possible to demonstrate this AB relationship more clearly by means of the familiar diagram of the light A projected on the form screen B (see fig. 10, p. 183). Bodymind is then to be regarded as the extension upon a four-dimensional space-time screen of all that is implicit and potential within this central function A. This relationship is not to be re-

M E D I C I N E

garded as a privilege peculiar to the human end of the 'humanimal' series, because the probability is that every organism is of this same 'Bodymind' type, each related to its own inner A. According to this dualistic classification, the exceptional privilege of humanity does not refer either to A or B, but only to C with its special quality of perfecting relationships. Wherever we can do so, it is important to preserve this idea of continuity and it is for this reason that I have coined the word 'humanimal', by running together the two words human and animal. Now if we regard Bodymind as the space-time extension of our unknown but primal 'A', and if we divide our diagram into a series of concentric parallels down the humanimal scale, we then get the 'onion skin' system, which is a useful symbol for expressing the ordered series of evolutionary developments. From the centre in 'no-time' comes the primal 'cause', the varying forms of which are thrown in space and time upon the screen of 'external' reality. Thus the meaning of this matter 'B', which we can externally contact with our sense organs, is something which always requires to be interpreted in terms of the light which it reflects from the central source 'A'.

Between these two antitheses, or parallel aspects of the humanimal system, the A and the B, the light and its serial space-time extension, where is 'the peace which passeth understanding' to be found? Now let us take our warning once again, that it is not to be found either at A or B, but always in terms of an acceptance of both points of view, both the A and the

BODYMINDRELATIONSHIP

Mens Sana in Corpore Sano

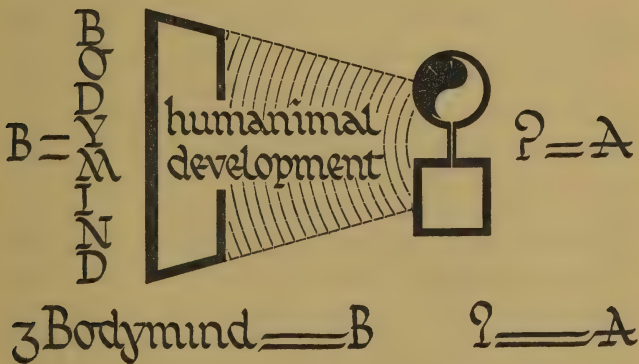


FIGURE 10

M E D I C I N E

B, both the meaning and the form, both the light and the space-time extension. The soul of man is discovered in his capacity to embrace these two worlds, detached from both, yet both included within the span of his acceptance and enjoyment. 'Life more abundantly' depends upon this ability to 'C', which is the highest function of mankind, and the perfected technique of the scientific method.

It is not for us to choose which we prefer, as some scientists and more moralists claim should be their right, saying 'yes' to this B but 'no' to that A, or vice versa. The scientific method must find its peace of mind through saying 'yes' to all experience, whether it likes it or not, and wherever it may find it. It must be all-inclusive, all-embracing, all-tolerant, of B as well as A, of seen and unseen, of known and unknown and of the darkness as well as of the light.

Having restated the idiom of the AB system, let us return to the beginning of our problem, stating it this time as a question. By what force are we formed? What is it that makes us live, move and have our being? Is it instincts? Are these the primal forces that cause the movement on the cinematographic screen of Bodymind? They provide no answer to our question, however, for the confused terminology of instincts does not satisfy even those who have shared in the invention of it; it has done nothing but confuse the issue and has added nothing either to our knowledge or convenience. Instincts throw no light on origins, because instincts themselves are only forms and behaviour patterns on the form-screen of Body-

MEDICINE

mind. They come from B and not from A, and so must be interpreted in the light of something deeper than themselves.

If not instincts, then to what deeper system of classification can we proceed? The answer is to be found in this alternative idiom of the dichotomy of Yes and No, of positive and negative, of love and flight, for it is these alternatives which, reflected subjectively in the moods of affection and revulsion, provide the dynamics of all movement. They need not be pigeon-holed into any instinctive classification, nor specially allocated either to body or to mind, because they work equally well for both. The idiom of plus and minus is one which can be shared alike by physics, organic medicine and psychology; it does not introduce any false questions or answers as to what are instincts or how many there may be.

The relationship of the individual or organism to its environment may be expressed as a problem within the idiom of Yes and No, for self and not-self are part of the language of dualism, expressed within the circular frame of movement. The organism is circumscribed by circumstance in such a way that it is 'positive' to the definitive 'negative' of that by which it is surrounded. '*I am*': that is my central circle: *not* is where I finish, and where my circumstance begins. Here is the same dualism to which we are becoming accustomed, the polarity of positive and negative, 'I am' and 'I am *not*'. The same polarity of 'yes' and 'no' occurs in the relationship between what I am and what you are, as between what I am and what I

M E D I C I N E

am not, or between me and my surroundings. Again we can see the language of the onion-skin, the same picture of the concentric circles, the one round the other, circumstance round each individual, the ratio of Yes to No, of positive to negative, of 'I am' to 'I am not'. It is from this picture of the relationship of two forces that we may draw the meaning of all movement. It must always take two forces to make any movement. *I am not*: and that is why I want to be. *I have not*: and that is why I want to have. It is that *not* which makes me move. Give me what I want and I am finished. Take it away from me—but not too far—and you will have done your share to make me move.

When we are clear about the significance of this negative, we can understand more of the meaning of our dis-ease. If the negative of circumstance is more than I can positively bear; if the problem with which life presents me is too much; if, in other words, I cannot say 'yes' to that inexorable negative, which therefore becomes intolerable, then I am in a state of some dis-ease. If I cannot say 'Yes' to this negative, whatever it may be, then I must say 'No', for there is no alternative. But by treating the negative defensively by thus saying 'no' to it, that is, by identification with it, unfortunately for me I have myself become negative by becoming one with it. That is the beginning of my diseased state, because now I am divided against myself and I am become one with my supposed enemy. We are in a state of 'nervousness' or 'nerves', for our attitude towards life is

M E D I C I N E

that of defensive negativism. In some way or another, whether more or less, our 'nerves' are simply 'no's'.

If the problems, the negatives, the frustrations and disappointments of life are presented prematurely, as beefsteak to the baby's stomach, then there is only one possible answer and that is 'No!' When once it has been so initiated into the way of rejection, from then onwards in time through life, even in spite of its more fortunate experience, inevitably and continually as a pattern of habit, the baby's stomach feels as if it were being presented constantly with more of the same kind of intolerable and indigestible beefsteak. 'This makes me sick,' it says, and the sick feeling represents the defensive rejective phase, both of body and of mind. Thus if we cannot cope with the Goliath of Reality, we shall make our negative gesture of self-defence; either we shall run away, going to bed in some way 'for a rest', or else we shall copy him in defensive identification and pretend that we *are* Goliath. Somehow or another, either by action or inaction, we shall say 'no'.

Now although it is quite possible for us to say 'no', since we have that choice, it is not always wise for us to do so. It is part of the law of life that every day we should go to bed and sleep, or that we should escape from our responsibilities if we are so lucky once in every year by going on holiday, finally to find a deeper phase of sleep in death. But these intermittent arrangements for our occasional recuperation should be enough to enable all of us to deal with the problems of our existence. We are allowed this amount of

M E D I C I N E

rope with which to play, so much flight and so much rest from the labour of more strenuous living. But there are some whose experience of living has made them feel disposed to take advantage of it, adopting the permanent attitude of flight, the repeated 'No, no, I cannot bear it!' These escapologists try to win the battle of life through evasion of existence, so that instead of taking life in the rhythm of Yes and No, they can only answer 'No!' to experience, as if it were all beefsteak to the baby's stomach. But treated in this way their digestive systems can never improve, and they become martyrs to their own defensive indigestion.

Where this negative defensive system is set up, whether it be physically or psychologically, there ensues a development of symptoms. But do not let us easily fall into the moral trap of regarding these symptoms as being something really 'bad', for even though the patient may feel discomfort this does not mean that the symptoms themselves are necessarily to be blamed as a 'bad thing'. There is the patient's feeling of discomfort and there is the meaning of the symptoms: these are a two-ness and are better kept apart in sure analysis of 'this' and 'not this, but that'. Medicine has to learn not to adopt this theologically archaic, moralistic and dismissive attitude, for symptoms are not 'bad', they are 'balance'. They are aspects of the Bodymind system, of which both health and ill health are equally to be viewed as part.

But note how easily this moral, selective and rejective, pleasure-seeking, pain-fleeing attitude slips

M E D I C I N E

into the language which represents the medical point of view. 'The patient is *ill*; the patient is not feeling *well*; the patient is getting *better*, he feels better to-day; I have made the patient *well*'. There is a moralizing atmosphere about this system, as if order depends on a classification of better and worse, 'I *ought not* to be *ill*, I *ought* to be *well*'. When we talk so easily in terms of 'well' and 'ill', it is very difficult to think other than that this is a 'bad' symptom and that I should be much 'better' without it. But nevertheless this point of view is very dangerous for anyone who wishes to think accurately, so that he may the better understand the facts about himself and his relations. It is dangerous because it seems to serve our good intentions; but it is both idolatrous and unscientific.

The other point of view for patient and physician to adopt, which is both matter-of-fact and scientific, is to regard the symptoms as evidence of a disturbance of balance which needs to be restored, but not by the simple process of drastic and pseudo-magical elimination of the symptom. Let us state these two points of view as simply as we can. From the first or moralistic standpoint, we say, 'Doctor, I am ill: I have a bad pain. It makes me feel very bad: please take away my pain from me so that I can feel better as soon as possible.' Surely such a state of mind is very natural and quite understandable. But the other, the scientific point of view, sees quite a different problem. We are faced with a statement of fact: 'I have a pain' (that it is bad is another fact, only partly relevant). But my 'health' is as much a part of my problem as is

M E D I C I N E

my 'illness', and so I must say 'Yes' to both. Thus I shall be able to see the cycle of dis-ease which has led up to my symptom, and the whole in its relationships. Although this attitude would in fact be 'good' for the patient, it is not likely to be his idea of what is good for him, because he has been led to expect otherwise and supposedly something 'better'. His idea (or idolatry) of cure would be that he should be allowed to go on making the same mistakes as before, but without paying the same or any other price for them. 'Please take away this pain! Please make my body better! Please cure my "nerves"! Please, "God", make me a "good" boy!' Inverted commas have crept into his symptoms, but idolatry, to which all things are literal, cannot recognize them. 'Please remove this bad thing from me and let me go on my way unchanged, because I must have what I want; therefore I must reject what I do not want; and I do not want my symptoms, so please take them away'.

This is surely not an unusual or unreasonable point of view; yet it is quite typical of what we are accustomed to recognize in other ways as evidence of the neurotic attitude towards life, which is unable to face reality or the price which reality exacts when it is disobeyed. But since our attitude (and implied movement) is so directed away from an unbearable reality, it is not possible that the reality of cure should be that way. This requires conversion to the opposite direction, by way of acceptance even of dis-ease, by adopting an attitude of positive toleration, and thus changing 'no' to 'yes'. It recognizes that this disease is *my*

M E D I C I N E

disease; that it is part of me and of my balance and in fact that it *is* for the time being my way of balance. As such, it must be accepted until it can be reabsorbed into the fullness of experience. The invader is not a bad thing to be cut off and cast out: but he is something to be eaten and absorbed, overwhelmed with love and thus eagerly phagocyted into the wholeness of the mentophysical system of Bodymind.

There is nothing unusual or unorthodox in this idea, for surely it is the aim of all therapy, whether surgical, medical or psychological, to make the unbearable bearable and the uneatable eatable. Medicine has two alternatives: either to reinforce the strength of the defender or to diminish the force of the invader. In the same way, psychological medicine is interested in effecting such a revolution of the feeling values residual from past experience, as may make it possible for the patient to say 'yes' to that to which he has previously been in the habit of saying 'No, I cannot bear it, it makes me sick of life.' For although very well meaning, our instincts are liable so easily to go on the defensive, closing up on us and putting us into such a state of tension, saying 'no' to experience, that by thus tenderly seeking to avoid pain they lead us blindly by their good intentions into another 'hell' of trouble. This is the exacted price for flight and it should not be forgotten, because the advantages of this kind of instinctive defensive reaction are utterly unworth it. 'Nerves' are another 'hell' for those who cannot face the object which they hate like hell.

MEDICINE

Running away only binds us more securely to that which we hope thereby to lose. We must always be pursued by that from which we would escape, as another intolerable Hound of Heaven 'fled me down the arches of the years'. If we adopt this policy of defensive identification with the negative, then we have indeed given ourselves up to the enemy. We are for ever that which we cannot bear, and we shall never lose sight of it until we can stop making this defensive identification of subject with feared object. We must be prepared to recognize the original separation of Self and Not-self, accepting once more the fearful uncertainty of the two-ness. Then, having separated ourselves from that which threatened to overwhelm us, we can say: 'Yes, now overwhelm me if you like', and so be free. For this is the only charter of our liberty, that by saying 'Yes!' to that which we previously feared too much to face, we should establish once more our own independence and thus become free from the intolerable expectations of danger. 'Yes, I am *not*. . . .'

A point in regard to the word 'identification', and the associated ideas of sympathy and introjection, needs emphasis because it seems to be so often missed, even by psychologists. There is a two-ness, which it is sometimes difficult to recognize, between false identification and true sympathy. The word 'introjection' is used by psychologists for the identification of subject and object; but it makes no distinction between false identification and true sympathy, although these two are fundamentally opposite. For instance, the identi-

M E D I C I N E

fication of a mother with her child is a flight from reality, when for her self-defence she pretends to share a pain, the separate reality of which she cannot bear. It may well be agony to let another suffer where nothing can be done, but identification is not true sympathy, for it is an act of evasive self-defence against the bearing of a pain which seems to be too 'bad'. But if the mother can say in effect: 'I am I, and you are you; we are not the same, but separated, yet even so I can accept your pain for you'; if she can bear that separation and *then* both feel and suffer her child's pain, that is true experience and true sympathy, without any flight, faking or falsehood. Identification serves to pass for sympathy, but always at the expense of interference by the external imposition of false values, which must demand their price.

The defensive attitude of saying 'no' and shutting the door upon the undesirable, is apt to leave us very bothered by repeated interruptions from the world outside, as threatening experience knocks upon the closed shutters of our minds. Whenever there is this knocking at our mental door, we may always be sure that there is someone or something that has been left out and is worth letting in. If there is something which insists on worrying us, recurring in our minds and causing us anxiety, then there is something which we are trying to forget and which we would be better advised to face and fully remember. Wherever there is some rude obsessive thought that will insist on disturbing our equanimity, we can be quite sure that it knows best and does in fact rightly belong inside our

M E D I C I N E

minds, in spite of all our anxious efforts at rejection. It may inconveniently interrupt the moral order of our mode of thought, but there is always this balance between the invader and the defensive system that would keep him out. Our discomfort is that while he is kept out, the invader will always be knocking at the door. It is our desire to be rid of him that makes it so difficult to do so. The only way is by opening the door, facing him and inviting him in, so that we may go through with it, however unpleasant the business may be.

If there is anything about which we feel 'I cannot get it out of my mind', it is well that we should let it in, to be absorbed within the balance of the whole. Where reality is evaded it will always seem to grow in the strength of its intolerable threat. Tension, the gesture of rejection, is defensive, but it is also the microscope which magnifies the pain itself. To greet pain with strain must emphasize it, and pain fled will grow to torment. It is by the adoption of the defensive negative attitude, the fighting way of closed fists, strain and tension, that we make for ourselves the measure of our pain. We may think that it is the experience which we are called upon to suffer that is the cause of our evil luck, but the measure of our free will, as it is also of our suffering, is that we can affect its meaning to ourselves according to whether we accept or argue, saying 'yes' or 'no' to it. The trouble is not in what is coming to us, but the way in which we try to hold ourselves tightly closed against it. With any pain, we can experiment for ourselves to find how it

M E D I C I N E

can be exaggerated by trying to hold it off, and made so much the less, in fact reduced sometimes even to nothing, when we open ourselves in mind and body to receive it undefensively. The first lesson for nervousness to learn is relaxation, both of body and of mind.

Life is a relationship to which we must in time adapt ourselves. The fundamental issue of our adaptation is—Can we say 'Yes' to life, can we relax and play with it? If we can, then we are well. If we cannot, then we have put up our defences and our defences will before long become our illness, for our *disease is our defence against dis-ease*.

There is an immunity against disease which is connected with defencelessness, of which the exact converse is experienced by those who run away in anxious self-defence. From the point of view of health this paradox is most important. Why is it that doctors can go about amongst sick people without catching their complaints? (Note how this word is itself significant of some dis-ease.) It may be that familiarity has helped doctors to become undefended in their minds as well as in their bodies: because of what they know they may be afraid, but they do not run away. But those who run away from the dangers of disease, those who are always shutting windows and wearing cotton-wool over their sensitive areas, they are the ones who seem to be most subject to every ill. It may be because they are always defending themselves against possible danger that those people who are interested in their health seem to have most ills of which to

M E D I C I N E

complain. Unfortunately for them, if they did but know it, they have chosen the worst possible defence.

Now let us consider some medical Idolatries, beginning with idolatry in the patient. This kind of patient says to himself in effect: 'I am ill and I don't like it: I have a complaint. It is more than inconvenient, it is a bad and painful symptom, which is a thing-by-itself to be got rid of as quickly as possible. I want a kind magician with great power over such things to take it away from me. I hope he won't ask me to do anything about it myself and I hope he won't tell me anything about it. However, since this is a scientific age (and, after all, I am a responsible citizen!) I am prepared to take something out of a bottle, the contents of which I do not want to understand, because I am sure the doctor knows all about it. Or better still, let it be from a needle, and just so often, so many times a day according to my magician's most precise instructions. If the medicine tastes bad or the needle hurts, so much the better, for by such punishment I may hope for greater reward. For as I am ill so I must be bad, and punishment (but only a little) is good for sinners.' Surely we may put 'Amen' at the end of this moral statement, without misjudging the religious atmosphere.

Then there is Nurse: how does her idolatry take her? She finds the patient in bed, ill. Is the patient to be a subject or an object, an 'I and me', or only a 'me'? If treated as an object we shall see some idolatry, because the subject is always an A but the object is only a B. If she is devoted to her object, this idola-

M E D I C I N E

trous nurse has a great sense of the need for perfection in all her technique. She loves all mechanical gadgets and she worships her work at the altar of her head, but never puts the fire of heart upon it. Like all idolaters, she is dreadfully afraid of burning, and this efficiency of hers is part of her flight from the pain of feeling. She is running away from her emotions by false identification with mechanical efficiency, for exclusive B is always flight from fearful A, and idolatry is flight from the feeling of reality. Her daily task is a series of unrelated, hollow duties, each to be carried out efficiently. She knows this patient, she understands this illness, she correctly treats this symptom; but she can only see each one as a thing-by-itself, and as such she treats it with brassy cheerfulness and with the efficient blindness of her clumsy materialism. There are many such B nurses and their training tends to multiply them. But such headstrong efficiency is not the proper way of nursing.

A good nurse has much A, enough B, and a great gift for C, for the better way of nursing is to see the flame and nurse it. There is plenty of room for mechanical efficiency and no one would be wise to disparage the need for B. However, it is well to emphasize that above all in nursing it is the A that matters, for no amount of B alone will ever take its place, since it is through the light of A that we are healed and live. Therefore a good nurse will never lose sight of the A. She will always recognize the principle of the twoness, which implies the coexistence of the patient with the symptom from which he suffers, the subject with

M E D I C I N E

the object, the well with the sick, the good with the bad, the I with the me, and the A with the B. She is alive to the simple fact of the real existence of eternity, within this space-time problem of trouble and sickness with which she is now presented. Where a bad nurse sees in the patient only bad behaviour, dirty habits, bad symptoms, an object comatose or dying in agony, a good nurse will never lose her sense of contact with the inner flame.

In spite of their intimate experience of life, so many nurses remain to the end untutored in the meaning of experience. They have not learnt to read between the lines of life, or to see behind the mere furnishings of the stage of suffering. They can see only the mask of life and death, but not behind the screen. Their reading and understanding of events is limited, like their training, to the space-time form that masks the march of real events, as language conveys the fullness of meaning only if it is wisely interpreted.

Behind and within experience there is always to be found the flame, but, between the flame of the patient and the flame of the nurse, there are of necessity many screens to be seen through. Each screen conveys its meaning when interpreted: but they must all elicit bad nursing if they are emphasized too much and seen out of their due proportion. Good nursing is the relationship of flame and flame through the medium of these space-time screens of symptoms and changes of appearance. In nursing, mere efficiency is not enough, for the greater heart can never be contained within the lesser head.

M E D I C I N E

Now for the Doctor, whose heart sometimes belies what his head has learnt, and whose understanding usually exceeds the convenience of his idolatry. 'This is all very difficult. There is so much for me to learn and I cannot hope to understand it all. I seem to be in a false position, which is none of my choosing: it seems to be expected that I should be a magician. I mustn't disappoint my clients, so I will pretend to the best of my ability that I am either God or a magician. But let me make it as easy for myself as I can. I have been taught "things-by-themselves" in my medical training, and they do seem easier that way, although obviously it can't be true. However, as I can't know all about everything, then I will at least know all about something. I will become a specialist.' This idolatry of specialism is one of Medicine's most fashionable fallacies, but it is an idolatry which must always miss the wholeness, whether of science or of sanity.

It is only a part of that larger idolatry of medical orthodoxy, which is satisfied to see and speak of things-by-themselves, as if apart they had any such literal existence. In our understanding of all things we do well to realize that we are living as it were between 'inverted commas', travelling in a more or less convenient vehicle of language in a world of make-believe. We sometimes forget it, however, and then we take our evidences too literally, and at the same time too seriously. Take 'nerves', for instance (but no, be not too literal either with verb or noun, for of course you cannot 'take' them!). But 'nerves'

M E D I C I N E

are taken far too literally when either doctor or patient leaves out those inverted commas. When the patient goes to the doctor and says 'Doctor, my nerves are all on edge!' we cannot see them all standing up on their sides, but we are asked to believe that this is the case. 'They are all frayed: I am utterly exhausted because my nerves are all worn out, Doctor.' Patients often talk like that: but it is only their literal-minded inability to think in terms of meaning, to read between the lines, to translate from the pictorial imagery of poetry and slang, that blinds both patient and doctor to the reality of what is happening. When we are thus faced by poetic imagery in inferior prose, we must not forget that we are learning to read the language of 'as if'.

There is so much morality in Medicine, that it is well to refer to it as one of the idolatries. I *ought* to be kind; I *ought* to cure the patient; I *ought* to be interested in the welfare of humanity and the advancement of scientific prestige. But all this anxious 'purpose' and moral presumption is but another example of the way of idolatry. Correctly employed the scientific method can stand by itself and it requires no external artifice or ulterior motive to give it better worth. The true is better than the good for the good is only less than half of what is true. It is not enough that we should be either good or kind to one another, for we must learn also to be true, which is the acceptance of the higher order of reality. We must learn to obey the law of facts, being kind if and when we can, because, if we are true to facts, we so often can't be kind, with-

M E D I C I N E

out causing someone to pay too great a price for the cruelty of our kindness.

It is well that we should know, for instance, that there is some danger even in our efforts to lessen pain. The introduction of anæsthetics was not an unmixed blessing, if it has taught people to regard the phantasy of a painless Utopia as something real that is their rightful due. Such a dream is by no means true to life, and our unwilling waking to it makes reality more painful still. If it is understood that our aim is to reduce pain as far as possible, then there is no need to say a word against anæsthetics. But do not let there be any confusion; it is only wise to alleviate pain in order that it may be the more possible to bear the pain which remains to be borne. It is a part of the cheap idolatry of pleasure, that claims freedom from pain not only as a possibility but even as a right. Whether unfortunately or not, this cannot be true to experience. Such a selective pain-fleeing attitude of mind is one which is not by any means the sole prerogative of obvious neurotics. It is balanced in the equal fallacy of the opposite prejudice which would prevent the woman in childbirth from having the advantages of anæsthesia, because it was so ordained by the Word of God that she 'ought' to suffer. Wisdom is the way, not of either, but of both: because there must be so much pain, let it be eased wherever possible.

There is no fear of death unless there is also fear of life. That idolatry which fears death and demands the indefinite preservation of life, is the same as that

M E D I C I N E

which would avoid all pain, so that life and pleasure might together be always 'good'. It is as if in this moral, but all too unscientific world of 'Come here good and go away bad', we want to extend the 'good' of life for ever, so that the 'bad' of death may be indefinitely postponed. This standpoint is as idolatrous as it is illogical, for it lacks both common sense and balance. It is the enemy of all experience, which would clearly teach us to the contrary. This idolatry that would postpone death as being only an end to be avoided, and an evil thing, is all too prevalent: in fact there seems to be very little else, for death is not much loved. It is the natural and logical outcome of a hypothesis which does not regard balance as being the essential idiom by which we must express the reality of our experience of life and death. If death is only a thing-by-itself, and that which is unknown or beyond reason is a 'bad thing' to be done away with for something better to take its place, then there can be no other judgement about death than that which is commonly held at the present time.

There is yet another idolatry of death, which is but a step further on the path of confusion that follows inevitably upon a false separation. We see in death only its agony and finality, but not its peace and continuity. We forget that beginnings and endings are relative phenomena depending entirely upon the point of view. When we stop and think for a moment, it is obvious that a point B on a chain of events ABC is the end when viewed from A, but the beginning when it is seen from C (either of these statements can

M E D I C I N E

be 'proved'). But we do not seem to have learnt much of the lesson and logic of relativity, for we still obstinately bind and blind ourselves within the fallacy of objective material reality, which in the name of Science we maintain to be Truth.

But surely it is not, for by such an approach to reality we do not thus observe the scientific method. Perhaps this question disturbs us: if there is peace in death, then why should we not commit suicide and so swiftly overcome all our troubles at once? The answer is, because if there is *continuity*, then even our troubles may prove to be continuous. It is not only the neurotic who is always looking for a short cut and a way out, because he 'cannot bear it'. Why then should this trick of suicide be the great exception to an inexorable rule, and death a way of cheating life? If Death is recognized as being only a part of the great continuity of the wholeness of day and night (making the larger Day), life and death (making the larger Life), in the serial rhythm of metabolic movement (which completes experience), then Death is no solution for the Escapologist.

There is a simple answer to the question of the potential suicide: 'Why should I not end it?' We can reply: *'Because you cannot end it, since there is no end.'* We can go further if we will: 'This idea of "ending" something always has appealed to you, but why do you think there is any such thing? You have been trying to escape for a long time, and this idea of suicide is only the same attitude of mind, seeking a logical conclusion. You have tried and tried to find

MEDICINE

an end and an escape, but so far you have failed: but what you are trying to escape from seems so bad *because* you are trying to escape from it. You have tried to escape on this side and failed, so why do you think that you can deceive death? Surely it would be better to give up all such false hopes and become a realist, for honesty is the best policy, and there is a better way than running away. All you have to do is to stop running away, convert your No into a Yes, and your troubles are really over.'

It may seem strange to claim the aid of the scientific method to add to our knowledge of the experience of death, and yet we must do so before Science can find its better half. The three experiences of death which follow are independent witnesses, each in its own way evidence. The first account was written by a parson after he had had an accident: the second is a patient's description of some of her experiences during pneumonia: and the third is from a novel, L. A. G. Strong's *Corporal Tune*. They could be multiplied endlessly from personal experience, and I believe that the general evidence which they convey would be confirmed.

Experience of Death: 1. Parson, aged 54. 'A car hit me at almost full speed as I was cycling . . . (here follows a list of physical injuries). I was unconscious for five hours and woke up on the operating table. I then saw a vision.

'I was in the back of a small, old-fashioned pavilion, watching a brightly illuminated cricket field. Play

M E D I C I N E

had stopped and it was being disputed whether or not the player was out. I realized that this player was myself. Then this phrase formed itself: "Fifty-four (my age) is a jolly good innings. If the time has come for me to retire to the pavilion, I am content. If God and the rest of the team want me to go on batting, that will suit me just as well." I then returned to conscious life, feeling that this was supreme wisdom. I talked to the doctors, knowing that I should very likely die, but filled with indescribable joy, which continued for some days.'

The manner of his recovery seemed to him and to his doctors to be remarkable. He said: "I realize that splendid recoveries are everyday events, but I cannot dissociate my own recovery from the psychological state, which I am sure helped considerably."

Experience of Death: 2. Married woman, aged 25. 'I had pneumonia, which, after some weeks, had relapsed, affecting both lungs, so that the doctors had almost abandoned hope of my recovery. I was told afterwards that for over a week I was in constant delirium, apparently in the greatest physical and emotional distress, refusing my food and quarrelling with my nurses, whose stupidity was apparently beyond my endurance.

'My own impressions were very different. I can remember being aware of the stupidities of the nurses, but only as if I were quite detached and not personally involved. I myself seemed to be floating above the bed, free, comfortable and quite happy, in a rose-

M E D I C I N E

coloured atmosphere. With a period of consciousness, this would change to grey, and when I returned to it the room seemed to be filled with cobwebs. Then I would criticize the stupidity of those who wanted me to come back to my grey bed when I wanted to stay in the rose light. But I can remember the nurse who held my hand. She always held my hand: if it had not been for that hand holding mine, I am sure I should have died.

‘I can remember some of the dream pictures of my delirium. In one I was in a circus full of people. They wanted someone to jump from a great height on to the ground. I said: “Let me go, because I have no legs, only stumps to the knees, so I cannot break them.” I remember seeing a circle of stars. In another, when I can dimly remember having the oxygen tube in my mouth, I seemed to be lying on an operating table in a fire station, wearing a blue and white robe.

‘My most vivid impression of the whole experience is that sense of peaceful detachment, floating above the person on the bed, feeling aware of her, but indifferent and without pity. There was no sense of pain at all, I am sure: and no fear of leaving or losing those I loved. Before this illness, few could be more afraid of dying than I was. But I shall never fear death again, for I am quite sure there is no agony in dying. However much the body and mind may appear to suffer, the awareness of self is only in the observer, who is more detached from the body of the patient in the bed than any doctor, nurse or relative can be.’

MEDICINE

*Experience of Death: 3. From 'Corporal Tune', by L. A. G. Strong.*¹

'A shock of light came to him, as he realized he was seeing without the accustomed limitations of space. . . . He gazed, and realized that he was seeing in time as well as seeing in space: that his sight could move backwards or forwards at will: that he could see the past and the present and the future of the place simultaneously.' (p. 278).

'He did not want to be bothered with that poor fellow whose sufferings he was obliged to pity. Then again, with a sense of shock, and amazement at his own stupidity in forgetting, he realized that the fellow on the bed was himself.' (p. 277).

'Why force oneself back there to heat and pain and stiffness? How absurd, when all this ecstasy lay open before him. He had done with that distant body of his. Good-bye, figures in a mist. Good-bye, faint, unreal things. Good-bye.

'The music rose in colour, in scent, in sound. He began to cry and sing aloud, to take his part in a procession of light and joy with all the colours of land and sky and sea.

¹ In reply to a letter asking for permission to publish this quotation from *Corporal Tune* (published by Messrs. Gollancz), Mr. Strong added the following information:

'I am deeply interested in the accounts given by patients of their experiences on the border-line of death. The passages in *Corporal Tune* are entirely intuitive, as, though I have some experience of illness, I have never been as near the danger-line. At the same time I experienced them so strongly in imagination that it is doubly interesting to find real accounts so similar.'

M E D I C I N E

'He woke as from a dream: . . . and then, with a last flash of earthly knowledge, he knew that even this was not finality, that his spirit was about to hear another tune.' (pp. 284-5).

The first two cases quoted are 'real experiences', described by witnesses as best they could. The last case is of another order, but it also is evidence in its own way. Although the experience of the dying man is only drawn from the imagination of a novelist, yet it seems to ring true. Its intuitive insight suggests the vision of the artist who is not only able to read the minds of men, seeing that which is on the screen, but also that which lies behind it, the flame which is at the heart of every bush. The artist who can see a little further and do a little more than ordinary men is a true magician; for, with his pen or with his words, he can control the magic of the meaning of experience.

Only the superstitious would insist that magic is a superstition, for in our own way we can all be magicians. We are so afraid of magic: especially amongst psychologists it is looked down upon as a 'bad thing', but artists and children know better. It is only that the magician has the ability to see through the mask of meaning. By his understanding of it, he can so use material that he can make things move according to his will by the skill of his manipulation. Thus for the physician who is to be the magician of the scientific method, all is to be used and interpreted, all experience read between the lines, and nothing believed literally and without discrimination. All symptoms

M E D I C I N E

are signs to be exactly read, treated with respect and accepted as renderings of meaning. As such they must be read in proportion and relation, simple and straight, without morality, without bias, without selection and without rejection. Then, having read both on and between the lines, after some contemplation we may ask ourselves the question, 'What does this mean?' Symptoms, forms and behaviour patterns are only to be taken literally by idolaters. There are plenty of such idolaters and false magicians who, taking the name of Science in vain, from their own point of view will regard the truth as superstition. Yet it is possible for anyone to develop this true magic of intuition which comes from the ability to read between the lines, interpreting the meaning. We can all learn how to manipulate the material world, in order to gain a little more control over the forces which lie behind it. There is magic in the working way of the good thinker, the efficient technician, the scientist and the wise man: each is the true Magician within his limits in his own way.

It is interesting to see, in all the problems of life, how there are the different points of view and different ways of living of the East and the West. Thus the West will wrestle with its problems after its own fashion, while the East will play jujitsu. The difference in style of attack is simple, but it is characteristic of a distinction which we can see from many angles. Sure of the rightness of its ways, and of the wrongness of all others, the West will put forth so much effort as it wrestles to and fro with a problem,

M E D I C I N E

inventing better and better means of using forces in conflict, devising a great efficiency of argument, and struggling this way and that, so that good may rise triumphant and evil be for ever overthrown. We who are trained in this rather clumsy fashion feel that it is good, indeed that it is the best way and therefore that the only virtue is in trying harder still. Sometimes, however, it may prove to be a little blind and lacking in the finer arts of foresight, to try to push down a door when we want to go out, if there is a handle by which it may more simply open for us. Let us discriminate, for those who practise jujitsu methods are not to be despised.

When we see that overwhelming force of circumstance which is threatening us, and when we feel 'I am so small, it is so big: can I stand up and fight it?', then we are thinking in terms of Western wrestling, but not of jujitsu. The jujitsu method does not fight that way; it actually prefers big opponents, the bigger the better, for it takes them lying down. This oddly perverse Eastern attitude says, 'No, I will not fight so blindly. I will sit back and watch (or love) my enemy, so that I can use his force for my own use and purpose. So shove! circumstance, and I will even give you this little pull. If you are very big and strong, so much less force will be needed in my pull—a touch and you will be at my mercy and doing my work for me.' This is surely the very opposite of the Western wrestling technique, which seems a little clumsy by comparison. But it is the way of high finance and big business, which are very Western, and of all

M E D I C I N E

highly skilled efficiency. In fact, it is not especially Eastern except that they have mastered both the Logic and the Art of it.

We have much to learn from this technique of jujitsu. How can we make the forces of this problem *solve themselves*? This is better than to fight and argue in our Western way, priding ourselves on the strenuous nature of the conflict. Such useless though valiant expenditure of energy upon the obvious is not worth while, for it does not pay and, if we insist upon it too largely, we may get beaten, which matters much.

How can we better use our understanding, to deflect and control forces so that they may serve us and do our bidding? For this it is necessary to stand outside the problems with which we have to deal. We must stand outside our feelings of both good and bad, our prejudices of well and ill, our understanding of sanity and insanity, our fears of life and death. Both sides of each couple must always be kept equally within our impartial view. There can be no full or balanced knowledge of insanity from the point of view of sanity, nor any complete knowledge of ill health developed from the point of view of health. That is the fallacy of all moral viewpoints, that they should attempt to say 'I am right and you are wrong', and so be idolaters of what is but half of truth. If we would see the whole in balance and perspective, we must always stand outside both sides of the argument. From this viewpoint we can no longer make the false assumption that I am well and you are sick; I good, you bad: I sane and you neurotic. The scientific

M E D I C I N E

method, if it is to stand at all worthy of its name, must always stand outside its own field of observation, a thing apart. Then, in the role of impartial observer, each one of us in his own way may be parent, guide, teacher or physician for the healthy movement of the whole. It matters most that we should make the most of what we 'C'.

VI. RELIGION

A way of life; the wholeness; 'life more abundantly'; wish-fulfilment; Pleasure and Reality principles; circle and square, altar, flame and sacrifice; 'hard lines'; miracles are commonplace; magic; the power of language; the Name; simplicity and trappings; the accusative attitude; moral judgement; three becomes four; the absence of finality; discrimination by a hair's breadth; teaching Scripture; a prayer of St. Francis; play; the way of women; hysteria; responsiveness and responsibility; hysteria and mysticism; courage and generosity; the ageing 'Now'; the Middle Way.

The first act of idolatry in Religion is to separate it from life, regarding it not as a way of life, but as something isolated and apart, with a special meaning of its own. We must remember that there may be many modes of living and that, for better or worse, each of us has a way of his own. In this sense, then, each one has a religion of his own whether he knows it or not, and however far from accepted orthodoxy it may seem to be. For our working definition, to play with it as we can, let us start from this point: 'My religion is my way of life.'

My religion is my way of life, with its pains and pleasures, its failures and successes, its discontents

RELIGION

and contents. We all have some deep essential pattern, some way of life of our own which we have agreed to call our 'religion', but some of us are satisfied with what we have and some are not. It is plain enough that religion means different things to different people, according to their various ways of living. For some, who take life both too seriously and too literally, and who cannot see the central flame of the meaning behind the form, religion will be an idolatry. In their failure to get the best out of life, they will sometimes feel that they need help to set them upon a better way of living. When they have been called upon to pay the price of suffering and disaster for their ignorance and shortsightedness, developing symptoms both mental and physical to preserve the balance, then, in their disease, they may find that life is not worth living. Their way of life has not been wise, and they have been of the company of those idolaters who did not realize that things were not so simple as they seemed to be.

What help is there for those whose way of life has been such a failure, and to whom can they come? They can appeal to those dope-peddlers who so generously offer them a speedy but false redemption of vain hopes, with the immediate satisfaction of all their childish and material desires in the eternal blessedness of a hypothetical to-morrow. But vain words are poor comfort for disappointed vanity. Who can help? Not those for whom religion itself is an idolatry.

Whether selective idolatry or exclusive morality,

RELIGION

these are not enough. But if help in dis-ease cannot be found from those whose misunderstanding of religion has led them to make of it a rude morality, then surely it can come through the enlightened use of the scientific method, which is the way of acceptance. The scientific method says 'yes' both to 'good' and to 'bad', 'yes' to both sides of the balance, accepting the wholeness of reality as a matter of fact. According to it there is no moral exclusiveness, no superiority of self-righteousness, no vain promises or fickle threats. There is only 'let me see', which is a great comfort to all those who are in discomfort with the unknown. 'At last I have found someone who is prepared to love me as I am, to take me as a matter of fact; somebody who is prepared to look and see, without moralizing over me about how I ought to be different, or threatening me if I do not change—as if I would not change if only I could!'

Surely there are not many of us who are really satisfied with the way we live. We all need a better way, we all want life more abundantly. But some of us want freedom to fulfil our own ideas of what life should be; our religion obediently answers, but then, being only what we want, it is not an exact expression or accurate mirror of the movements and meanings of reality. It is more than fair to its creator, but less than just to others. Like children, we want our own way, but there are some of us who do not want to play unless we get it. 'I want, I want, I *want*': there is no harm in that. 'I must have what I want!' Then must-have-Heaven means must-have-Hell: and must-have-

RELIGION

good-God means must-have-bad-Devil. So by our selective preference for 'good' we have made two religions for our way of life, which must now follow two ways at once in the conflict of its ignorance and confusion.

There are some whose understanding of religion and logic is so small that they would say that every wish for God proves God's existence. Because there is this need and aspiration in human nature for a God, this urgent clamour 'I want him, I must have him!' it follows that such a God must exist, 'otherwise we should not want him so much!' But this is very far from being true, and is merely jumping to desired conclusions. We do not want what we have, but we do want what we have not. If we thus insist on the God who would fulfil our wishes for us, then we are creating for ourselves something that we have not, which is no proof that our God exists, but very strong suggestion that for us he does not. It is because we have *not* what we want that we create this God of our convenience in the image of our own desires.

There is God—and God: we must here humbly make analysis, distinguishing two religious principles, as we have already distinguished two ways of living. We may live either as children according to the Pleasure principle, or as owners of maturer minds, according to the Reality principle. In the former case, our religion will be of the autocratic moralistic selective-rejective, 'yes' to good, and 'no' to evil type: it will be heavily coloured by wish-fulfilment, and its direction will be away from reality. But if our

RELIGION

religion is to be an acceptance of reality, then we are as servants in submission to the law of our experience. The former is the materialistic and egotistic way of idolatry: the latter is the humbler seeking after the truth of life more abundantly. The former seeks to command obedience of life: the latter recognizes that the Middle Way is not the path of Action, but of Passion, and so accepts life on sufferance.

Idolatry in religion sets up for itself an idol, which will satisfy the wishes of the worshipper and therefore be worthy of worship for that ulterior motive. 'I have not what I want, but my god *whom I create* will give me what I want.' That may seem to be a good idea as far as it goes, but our creation will only be of limited service as a deity, because he will always be a flight-from-reality god. Therefore that reality from which we would escape must always seem to be a bad god, a devil, a father-who-takes-away-my-dreams, in opposition to the good god whom I have made in the image of my good self, which is the heaven-of-my-dreams-come-true, the motherly-one-who-spoils-me-again. Yet surely neither of these, however much I must have them, is any proof that anything exists except my own desires.

Life moves in rhythmic curves and circles and will not obey our foursquare legal logic and so-called reasonableness. Life is as unreasonable as the women who give birth to it, but nevertheless we are always trying to fit square pegs into round holes, although they never seem to fit. This is very annoying to all who fear the healthy wholeness of the unknown which

RELIGION

lies beyond all reason. It is this essential reality of the unknown, this moving curve of death and spinning square which dissolves into the kaleidoscope of the circle, that is the problem of religion as it is of life itself.

Here is a picture puzzle to suggest a solution to the eternal problem of the relationship of square and circle, or of the square peg in the round hole (see fig. 11, p. 219). This riddle is the same quest as that of 'boxing the compass'. The answer is here in pictures, which can tell living stories to those who are prepared to read within their lines. The diagram may be taken to represent a talisman, a comforting night-light for those who fear the dark; or its meaning may be carried in imagination a step further. It may be regarded as a square altar made of stone, upon which is the flame in its distorted circle; the wick which gives the fuel for the burning is formed by the two crossed sticks of sacrifice upon the altar. Here is the relationship of A and B, circle and square, spirit and matter, creation and sacrifice; of Art, as the creative aspect of eternity, and its space-time crucifixion in material form.

This picture will box our compass for us, but it also threatens to box our ears, for there is an awkward suggestion of inevitable 'hard lines' about this emphasis upon the burning. For this burning is not merely poetic imagery, it is not only the religious privilege of holy men, it is a fact of life that we all must burn. For we all do burn, whether we like it or not. That the hard lines about burning sometimes get

THE RELATIONSHIP of the Square & Circle

a = ○

Spirit

c = + The Burning Mediator

b = □

Body mind



FIGURE II

harder, so that they are too much to bear, is only a matter of speed. If we are asked to burn too fast it hurts too much and we say 'Not so fast, I cannot bear it!' Although religion is inclined to take this privilege of burning as its own particular prerogative, it is most important that it should not be allowed to make this exclusive assumption, unless it is prepared to regard itself as a way of life and not as something to be separated from life. The way of life is itself the way of burning, and we require no Theology to complicate our understanding.

The experience of Abraham and Isaac is not to be regarded as a religious privilege for unusual people; it is the experience of every parent in relation to every

RELIGION

child. It is not a 'religious' matter in any separate sense, for it is a matter of everyday fact and individual experience. Sacrifice is not mystical, nor is it an illusion: it is the essence of reality as it is also the essence of all art. With the scientist it is the burning of oxygen in the body, through the medium of the thyroid gland; for the artist it is the burning of his own feelings on the altar of his canvas, through the medium of his paint and brush. Art is the incarnation of eternity, the definition of the infinite, the very act of crucifixion of spirit upon a material cross! Life is the ritual of burning, and it is not in any sense to be regarded as a mysterious religious privilege, unless religion is the way of life for all. Life is a miracle: but then not even miracles are to be regarded as religious favours, for although we all are born, we yet remain ignorant of how and why. Birth, like life itself, is still a miracle. The scientist cannot be more than the servant of the mysteries which he sees, observes and compares, and he must himself be prepared to accept the way of burning upon the altar of life. He is presented, as indeed we all are, with the problem of experience. Can we do more than hope to understand, accepting the hopelessness of finality?

The movement of life takes place before us, like the picture on a cinematographic screen. By that analogy we are reminded of the two-ness, of the observer and the observed, the A and the B; and we realize that experience, if it is to be read at all, must always be read between the lines. The B is what we see, it is that which is observed; but what does it mean? It is the

RELIGION

form, it is the square; but where is the flame, the circle, which is to give it meaning? If we are to understand the experience of life aright, surely we should always see this flame that lies behind the form, the meaning which is imprisoned within the external reality, the A behind the B, through the form-screen to the flame. This material form-screen is but the convenient symbolism of slang, the dream of a mortal image caught in moving rhetoric, a coinage of counters representative of life.

We are presented with this language, to learn what it may mean in our own tongues, for we are imprisoned within this incarnating medium. What do I, and what does he or she, mean? We must always thus see life more or less at second hand: O □ □ O; flame: form—form: flame; A: B—B: A; my inner self, my outer self—your inner self, your outer self (see fig. 12, p. 222). But can we read between these lines? Not if we look at B only from B, for B cannot see more than itself. The lesser cannot thus contain the greater, and B cannot see A. But A, being the greater which contains the less, can see not only the form of B but also the essence of its meaning. B can hold much knowledge, but only A can contain the illumination of understanding, the core of intuition and the heart of sympathy.

But there are idolaters who misuse the magic of language, using it as an end in itself instead of as more humble means, as catalyst in the chemistry of meaning. But besides being a handy tool for closer touch and finer discrimination, language may also be

TWONESS



I Me Me I



Flame Form Form Flame



Circle Square Square Circle

A

B

B

A

FIGURE 12

RELIGION

a most convenient screen by which to cover ignorance. Nothing is good in itself, and the other half of the two-ness is never far away. By language we may hide as well as seek, and long, learned-sounding Latin names should make us the more suspicious that all is not well within our understanding.

Whether our use of such convenient terms be true or false, there is a great power of magic to be found in names, as we call upon the forces which they represent to be our servants and to do our bidding for us. Science, like religion, knows well the power of words, but both can equally misuse their knowledge by idolatry. With words we can do so much, but why can we not do more than we do? It is an awe-inspiring thought that we are surrounded by the living truth of reality, in every moment of our lives! But what has happened that we do not see it, what has obscured the clearness of our vision?

We can only understand according to our language, for this is the mirror in which we see life's image. If it is distorted and not true, we can neither see nor understand the truth. If we would see the truth of any experience, we must first see the error of the language in which it is expressed, which is one part of the error within our own minds that interferes with and mis-translates reality. *To preserve the integrity of the scientific method we must always be able to measure the refractive error of our own eyes.* To some extent our instruments must be at fault, for they have at least their limitations, beyond which they are not true.

But there is more to see than that. We must also

RELIGION

know the motive which is behind the use of language, for this is the force which manipulates the puppet's strings. If this mover feels 'I am afraid', then language may be his straw, his apprehensive effort to fix the impending threat of this moving law. Surely this gift of language is something which, in our flight from fear, we are very quick to idolize, because thus it seems so much the safer. Our sense of power is greater when we can talk and use the name, idly playing with forces into which we do not care to enquire more deeply, lest a full understanding of the meaning should be too shocking to our conceit. This self-defensive trick is near to blasphemy, but fortunately there is true magic, as well as false, in the way in which we can call upon the names of reality.

The magic of science is developed through the disciplined service of understanding, which is the definition and formulation of the law. The magic of religion seeks to find the Force behind it all, through personal experience and mystic union; and, perhaps, having found some image of essential Self, to bind Him, too, within the language of Theology. But who is this Controller, this essential A, behind all this movement on the space-time form-screen of life? Who is the manipulator of this puppet-show? Who is this unknown *God* who is the *Name* behind it all? If we could know that power, if we could find that way, then we could realize something of the reality of magic! And something, too, of comfort and security in a world that does not experience either for longer than all too brief an instant.

RELIGION

Wishing so strongly, we may be sure that we shall fall into the false assumption that we have achieved more power and understanding of the universal secret than is, in fact, the humbler case. Then, in most modern fashion, Democracy will appoint its own divine leader upon the throne of the great unknown and feel safer for having put his God in so high a place. 'He must be good to me because I put him there. I may not be very strong myself, but at least I have his influence at court!'

That is a very understandable but not a very honest way of assuming power over the Name. It is idolatry and can never be the best religion. More courage is required to leave the unknown unnamed, and that is what so many of us will always feel afraid to do, for we would rather make a convenient fiction, an idol for our peace of mind, a form within which to define our fears. But we are faced with that experience of life, to which we must allow the name of Fear: we must not run away. We must in some way or another accept this responsibility of exercising power over the name, using it for the definition and formulation of our experience. We must find a convenient vessel, a pint pot B into which to put this quart of A. In what language, by what ceremonial, through what ritual are we able to do it? How shall we define, even a little, this unknown and undefinable God, and obtain some authority over his divine fire?

Here we must be careful, for the way of truth is always divided by less than a hair's breadth from that of its neighbour, falsehood. Of course, if we realize

RELIGION

how much this A is worth, we shall load it with ostentatious trappings in order that they may be worthy of the object they have tried to trap! Then, too, of course we shall regard as superstition and idolatry the simplicities of any religion exercised by others less deceptive than ourselves. How unworthy is the blood-smeared stone beneath the tree, how crude the burning fire!

But is simplicity of form thus harshly to be condemned as mere idolatry? Not necessarily so, for—again the two-ness—it all depends. If the spirit of life is really indefinable, nobody but an idolater would attempt to define it in any form worthy of it. In the simplicity of any religion which accepts the representative value of stone and tree, blood and fire, there is a reality of worship which it is sometimes difficult to find amongst the more orthodox worshippers of the ‘papered and decorated’ religions of the present day. These idolaters whose religion is so neatly trapped within the ostentation of their word-forms and dogmas will provide the missionaries, who, from the enthusiasm of their own unrest, must support themselves by criticism of others whose religion is simpler than their own, and sometimes more true.

Our language may be but a hollow idolatry, a mask of B, or it may be real, the living image of experience. The criterion of our worship at the altar of life is determined by whether our answer to experience is in terms of ‘yes’ or ‘no’. If we are to believe in the reality of Fear, then for those who have the courage to admit and face their fear, their answer to

RELIGION

experience is 'yes'. But on the other hand, for the idolaters who are 'brave' enough to deceive themselves by running away in one way or another, so that they feel that all is well with them, hiding as they do both from reality and from themselves, their answer to the challenge of experience is 'no'.

Thus by that negative gesture of rejection do we bind ourselves to that which we fear and from which we flee. Then the self is lost; but wrongly and not rightly as it may be lost in the external object, for this is no act of sympathy and suffering, but of defensive identification with the object of their fear. Thus do we become one with the form-screen of life, lost in the material self of external reality, unable to see light because of the sensorial confusion from which we are not separated. Our solution of this conflict and salvation from this discomfort is by an act of analysis, a reintroduction of the hopeless negative, a setting aside of personal desire, so that subject may depart a little from beloved object, realizing 'I am *not* it': 'I have *not* what I want'. Then, the negative being accepted where it was previously passed over in ignorance, we can see things as they are again.

Unless it is possible for us to accept this negative aspect of life, we shall find ourselves adopting an accusative attitude. When we say 'I must have what I want', there is a price to be paid for that false assumption, because the subject has become identified with the object and is now in the accusative. There is always an idolatrousness about all possessiveness, lest that which I have assumed as mine should be taken

RELIGION

away from me. Then, as one form of flight from reality, I shall go into a panic and become aggressive. If 'I must have what I want', my next step is to assume that I have what I want. But then, if someone comes along and says that it is not mine but his, he can only expect intolerance from me, for I will defend my 'self', which is confused, for me, with what I want. Because he seems to me to be threatening to remove some part of my own precious self, therefore naturally and morally I shall feel like accusing him of being a bad man who ought not to be allowed to interfere with me so unkindly.

This accusative attitude, this intolerance which has been defined earlier as the only sin, is the result of this attitude of the unaccepted negative. It is a failure to come to terms with the reality of experience. Yet adaptability is not easy, and responsiveness seems harder than responsibility. We prefer to classify all experience into good and evil, because it seems simpler that way. Then bishops are of course 'good' and prostitutes 'evil'. If we could be sure that bishops did not sin and that all prostitutes did nothing else, then it would be so much easier to understand and accept the eager inaccuracies of reason and conscience. We certainly would believe this false simplicity if we could, but such a belief is only a wilful effort on our part to assume a convenient fiction. Such easy subdivisions into a false two-ness are merely a facile way of deceiving ourselves into a state of moral comfort. There are sinners even amongst bishops and there may be lesser saints amongst prostitutes.

RELIGION

We may suspect all accusers of supporting the convenience of their own idolatry. Those who would accuse us of being selfish may not know it, but what they mean is 'Your conduct does not suit my convenience, so you ought to change it at once'. Reading between the lines of those who would accuse us of idolatry, we can see that what they mean is 'I do not know what you have in mind, because I do not understand your language'. There are those who can only see others as ridiculous, but what they mean is 'I am afraid I don't know how funny I am'. Then there are those who tell us most impressively that we are wicked and well fitted for the burning. They mean 'Take care with that light or you'll burn my precious house down!'

With fitting language we may both describe and control experience. It is a troublesome discipline, however, for there are so many difficulties with every word we use. For instance, I might have tried to explain what I meant in terms of 'God', 'spirit', or 'soul', but by these words so many people mean such different things, that I was afraid that with them I could not make my meaning clear. So to make things simpler and to show how all language needs translation, I have reverted like the ancient philosophers to the mathematical symbols of the square and the circle, the triangle and the cross, A and B, hoping that by these means I may have made it a little simpler to avoid both confusion and idolatry. With these forms I have attempted to show that there are two hypotheses which must be distinguished the one from the

RELIGION

other. The first hypothesis puts things by themselves, and the second puts everything in terms of its relationship in a two-ness. Now by one or other of these hypotheses we must be recognized, whether we know it or not, because they will determine our conclusions.

If ours is the hypothesis of one-ness, we shall find ourselves believing and implying that the purpose of Religion is to find the Good, the purpose of Philosophy is to find the True, the purpose of Art is to find the Beautiful and the purpose of Science is to find the Real. There may not seem to be anything wrong with this description of their respective purposes, and certainly many would agree with it; but nevertheless I believe it to be fatally erroneous for the descriptive accuracy of all concerned, for it implies both a false confusion and a false separation.

The vital distinction is not in the separation of science, art and religion, but of the two factors of A and B. Life and reality are a unity, from however many angles they may be viewed, and by whatever means they may be measured. The Truth is one and the same, although the forms are many. Thus the alternative hypothesis of two-ness shows that the aim of Religion is to find Reality, the aim of Philosophy is to find Reality, the aim of Art is to find Reality and the aim of Science is to find Reality. The 'purpose' of each is that by being itself it should represent another facet of Life's language, so that each in its own way may be the mirror of the whole. Seeing their various roles as thus descriptive, there appears some

RELIGION

hope that one day there may be a common language amongst artists, scientists and philosophers, so that they may understand even each other. This will depend, however, upon their ability to distinguish between observer and observed, subject and object, means and end, A and B. It may sound simple enough, but it is still a very long way from having been achieved.

The multiplicity of experience is capable of being unified if our languages are not unnecessarily divided from one another and confused by false hypotheses. There is need enough for a good form and incarnation, for a living moving language that will serve; but it must be a medium that is not prison-like, for it must contain life, and how can a fixed foursquare language fitly describe life, if life itself is spent in moving curves? It is not for nothing that I talk in circles; it seems to me to be the language of the spheres. If Life is modelled upon this plan of moving circles then our language must follow where it leads. It must express the moving two-ness of relationship, the A and the B, the mother and the father and the child that comes by consequence.

In the first chapter we assisted with some uncertainty at the birth of little C: now in this last we shall attend his passing, for like the rest of us he dies not long after he is born. The triangle of the Athanasian Creed, which expresses the language of the Trinity, can only find solution through the form of the cross, in which the transient three are finally merged into the wholeness of the balanced four. There were two,

RELIGION

there are three; but always the reality is four. In practice this is most important, if we are to avoid the sense of a false finality. Pride comes before a fall, and more people have come to needless pain of disappointment through the assumption of their fixed salvation than the self-righteous would like to believe. There is no such finality to be found in the third point of the triangle, and it is no use to hope that, once having seen the light of salvation, it is ours to keep for ever. The phantasy of conversion in early adolescence to some ultimate degree of understanding of life's essential mysteries with no more work ahead, is delusion in a coward's castle. It is, moreover, a convenient fiction which is fatal in practice, for the light must be renewed every day, which is not always easy. The light of our understanding is an alternating beam which must be allowed to go out if ever it seems to want to fade: for darkness is part of light, and ignorance is not a bad thing.

Life is an alternating system, and the light in the lighthouse comes and goes. Salvation, which is that greater sanity of the balanced mind, does not occur once and for ever; it is a process which requires repeating and repeating, as an endless chain of crises is presented for our discriminate criticism. Ahead lie Scylla and Charybdis, and we see the light halfway between the two. We feel sure in earnest hope that there at last we have found our goal, C; it is the life-boat, we are surely saved, we have only to follow this way for our salvation to be complete! It looks to our hopeful, if not far-seeing eyes, as if we are saved and

RELIGION

that all we have to do is to hold tight to C to be safe for ever and ever!

But alas for our fond hopes: reality cries Nonsense and Rubbish! to such convenient idolatry, for there is no such thing as finality of salvation or an eternity of fixed safety. C is only another confusion of Scylla and Charybdis, it is itself another two-ness, the parts of which are momentarily obscured. They must be separated before the path is clear once more. Then the Middle Way reappears, but only to divide again, for there is no one-ness of the way, no single path, except that which is constantly to be rediscovered through separating and accepting this two-ness with ceaseless watching and discrimination. This is the age-old pattern of the Middle Way, but, either in spite of or because of its simplicity, it is not and never has been easy to obey. Somehow it is not easy for us to recognize that it is the way of life, and in itself something quite matter of fact, which has nothing whatever to do with religion in any special sense, except in so far as we may learn to be its faithful image (see fig. 13, p. 234).

The policy of dualism is the way of salvation, for there is no salvation but by acceptance of the dualism of life. The conflict of mutual misunderstanding between Christianity and Buddhism seems to be upon this point. The one would have a 'language of three' system, the other a 'language of four', but it is easy to see the narrow step that might join the two. It is only a small matter of emphasis, as to whether stress is laid upon the third factor, C, before or after it has divided

The moving **NOW** in the middle-way
C NOW

Scylla A C_{now} B Charybdis

Past A C_{now} B Future

The t'other A C_{now} B dear charmer

Between A C_{now} B two stools

The horn A C_{now} B of a dilemma

Mother A C_{now} B Father



C, stands for Child, chance and
Change, crisis and conversion.

FIGURE 13

THE BALANCED TRIANGLE



AND THE IMPLIED CROSS.

FIGURE 14

to show the two components of which it is the mediator. The important point is that we should recognize the movement from two to three, and from three to four, with the correspondence that occurs between the different pairs of images. The symbol of the triangle is related to that of the cross as soon as it is

RELIGION

seen in its own reflection (see fig. 14, p. 235). This symbol of the 'cross' is familiar enough, but fundamentally it is deeper than the religion which has made it its own. Crucifixion is the law of life and it happens not only once in history but always.

The circle is always related to the square, in science and art, as well as in religion. The thorn blossoms in the spring without being accused of mysticism, and the scientist is as much a servant of the mystery of life as is any religious devotee. It seems as if all these single ideas or third points that appear to stand alone are but traps and delusions for the wilful and unwary. In reality, there is not any point at which we can feel either finality or safety, for the further we go the harder life becomes. As the two poles of the dilemma of our dualism come nearer, so is it harder to discriminate at the inevitable crisis. Therefore it is far easier for a bishop to sin, because he finds it the more difficult to detect the existence of the abyss, when his dilemma is contained within the span of a hair's breadth. Yet for his wholeness it is essential that he should take the middle path, both all the time and all the way.

Little C, child born of relationship, is not one child but two children, male and female. Our triangle reflects itself to form a cross, and Christianity might more easily fuse with Buddhism if we would only make the triangle move and spin to form the circle, symbol of eternity. Spinning finds the flame. The triangle represents and emphasizes the form of the Mediator, who, although he is the moving means for

RELIGION

those who let him move, yet can be nothing but the promise of illusion to those who would strive to hold him firmly fixed.

Solemn conclaves sit in discussion upon the teaching of religion. How should the Holy Scriptures be taught to children? The Holy Scriptures will serve only if they are well burned. But in the fiddling way in which Divinity is commonly taught, whether in the army, at school or in the churches, there has been very little sign that Rome or anything else is burning. The danger of teaching religion is that it may be taught as an idolatry by idolaters, the first and last act of idolatry in all religion being its separation from life. In what way can we teach religion, other than by being ourselves possessed of the flame and not afraid to use it? If we have the flame, it is not the form that matters; we do not teach by the form but by the flame. Good and useful as a good incarnation may be, there is far too much tendency to rely on the easy idolatry of form, which at its best is merely the go-between of the flame, instead of upon the heart of understanding within the teacher. A good head will not replace an absent heart, nor can much knowledge go so far as a little understanding.

In teaching religion, would it be possible to regard each everyday experience of life as an act of ritual, so that the whole of life became a ceremony, representing something the meaning of which we would then read between the lines? Eating, loving and sleeping would then be rituals, action within inverted commas, and such acts as daily washing would have a deeper

RELIGION

meaning. (This is a prevalent idea among a certain type of neurotics, but, like many other evidences of insanity, it is not far wrong, and nearer right than some of sanity's fixed simplicity.) Each simple daily act would then be regarded as the 'B' to mean an 'A'. In this way it might be emphasized that after all there is something more in life than that which seems to be. Although we may know this to be true, we are always inclined to forget it.

Thus finding A in B, the flame and light of meaning within the mask of too familiar form, it is possible to live more abundantly, so that we may fill this moving *now* to its full capacity, not with the forms of life, but with their meaning. Life requires no further purpose beyond the filling of each moment, now, with life. Any other purpose is a fallacy created by idolaters of B, who justly realize that what they have is not alone worth while, but requires some ulterior motive to justify it. Their sense of an intolerable inferiority is such that they cannot bear to accept their own unimportance, and so these victims of their own ulterior motives must try to justify their way of living from an adventitious source of moral support. The concept of purpose is no longer necessary in a system which needs no other satisfaction than a profound realization of the fact that 'In Eternity as in Space-time, *I am*'.

The following prayer is St. Francis's Canticle to the Sun. It is a prayer of acceptance, saying 'yes' to all it sees, and so complies well with my ideal of the scientific method:

RELIGION

*Praised be my Lord for all his creatures;
for our brother the Sun, who brings us the day and
who brings us the light, and signifies thee unto us.*

*Praised be my Lord for our sister the Moon
and for the Stars set clear and lovely in Heaven.*

*Praised be my Lord for our brother the Wind
and for Air and Cloud, Calm and all Weather, by
the which thou upholdest life in all creatures.*

*Praised be my Lord for our sister Water,
serviceable and humble, precious and clean.*

*Praised be my Lord for our brother, Fire,
mighty and strong, through whom thou givest us
light in darkness.*

*Praised be my Lord for our mother the Earth,
who doth sustain us and teach us, and bringeth
forth fruit and flowers of many colours.*

*Praised be my Lord for Sister Death, from whom
no man can flee. Blessed are they who shall find
themselves in thy most holy will, for Death shall have
no power to do them harm.*

*O all ye creatures, give praise and blessing
to my Lord and grateful be, and serve him with a
deep humility.*

This is a good 'lighthouse' prayer. But let this remind us, when seriousness inclines us to become too

RELIGION

heavy, to loosen up our limbs again and 'keep it light'. For teaching to be effective there is nothing more important than a sense of humour. If we are to teach difficult facts, we shall find that by putting them into the form of a funny story we shall not only hold our audience but also perhaps eventually convert them. Life is far too important to be taken seriously. This is not said cynically or in paradox, but because the play technique does in fact work better for hard-headed practical working people. In the long run it is efficiency and results that count.

It may at first seem strange, because it appears to turn things upside down, but this is the play technique: 'Because life is so serious, therefore I will play with it. Because I am afraid, therefore I will not run away: nor will I defend myself. Because I am afraid, therefore I will love it and relax'. This is the method of jujitsu and of the lighthouse, and of the light that 'plays' upon the waters.

The tragedy of life is that we make it into a farce by taking parts of it too earnestly. Husbands and wives, parents and children are always taking each other so fearfully seriously; but is there anything in this world which is worth taking as seriously as that? On the occasion of that sudden crisis which is constantly arising, we are inclined to feel, 'If I don't put my foot down this time! . . .' But does it matter so much? It is doubtful whether there would be so great a crisis if we did not make it for ourselves by being so unnecessarily, so urgently and so morally, critical. This matter of serious importance is always a fallacy, unless it is

RELIGION

approached lightly with the play technique. If we find that things are becoming a bit tight, then we must not trust to our instincts, but learn to be loose and relax, for fuss and worry can never help efficiency. If matters are really very difficult, then it is all the more important that we should learn to take things easily ourselves. If we feel that some question of ours must have an answer, then it will probably be in the form of an idolatry, for the moving play of a question is more vitally important than any pompous frame within which it is answered. Look at the fisherman: can we imagine anything more serious? But remember that he always *plays* his fish.

Play is the technique of all efficient salesmanship. Sellers do best at their business, when they play their buyers: parents who learn to play with their children may find that playing brings its own reward because it works. Husbands are wise to play with their wives, for the highest compliment that can be paid to any relationship between husband and wife is that they should be 'playmates'.

Those who must always have a purpose in order to justify everything, claim that the purpose of games at school is to fit children subsequently for the more serious tasks of life, but this is not the case. The purpose of play is that we should learn the play technique, so that it may never be forgotten but become established as a pattern, always ready to be used thereafter when life becomes more serious. But unfortunately some serious-minded teachers and pompous parents seem to think that they are not doing their duty

RELIGION

unless they have made play even more earnest than work itself. This is the idolatry and prostitution of all play, for it was never intended thus to be taken seriously and spoilt. It is enough that in our play we should leave room for life to behave naturally, which is to move in the way of its own responsiveness. '*I am*' may not be the best course, but it should be the only one. The deepest of all virtues in life is adaptability or fitness, which is play in the engineering sense. It was the ability to play which did more than anything else to win the war, for whatever that may have been worth. It is in our capacity to play that we need to become more like children, whose seriousness is reserved for the boredom of familiarity.

There are so many methods of running away, and being unduly serious is as surely one of them as being too playful. Not that running away is necessarily a crime, for it may be part of the balance of a good circulation, or of the relationship between the square and the circle. Forwards and backwards, to and fro, these are but other aspects of the alternating phases of good and evil, light and dark, life and death, work and play; where all is relative and nothing isolated, all is true and nothing necessarily 'bad'. It is so easy to become serious about religion, to make a great business of it and to work it up into Divinity, Holy Scripture or Theology. But to those who understand, Life is Religion and Religion Life: and each may be treated either as Idolatry or as Wholeness.

It is easy to work too hard, and to encourage others to make the same mistake. It is a great temptation

RELIGION

always to be 'taking steps', because of the feeling that to do nothing is a 'bad thing'. This is the tendency to be defensive under the urgency of anxiety: it is in function 'masculine' and it is typical of all hysteria. Hysteria is not the prerogative of women, as distinct from men. It is evidence of the failure of the female function, which is present in both men and women, to behave according to its nature. Either of the sexes may be hysterical for the same reason: namely, that B is stealing the rights of A, so that the male is inclined to stand for all, and the female for nothing. Aggressive maleness, self-assertiveness, over-conscientiousness and pseudo-rationalism are as much forms of the force-pattern of hysteria, as are the more emotionally demonstrative sentimentalities of uncontrolled laughter and tears.

Hysteria is not creative, for it is dominated always by ulterior motive. It does not know how to stoop to conquer, nor the way of tranquillity. It believes only in the principle of destructive action, which must always be directed at an audience; the female role gives place to the male, the positive to the negative, and the acceptive to the defensive attitude. Hysteria is a flight reaction from the feared unknown; it shows the inability of the essential female to be contained within herself, without falling into some defensive action which seeks to cover her inferiority by pretence that she is a man.

We all must learn the way of self-content, which is the other half of action: the way to contain ourselves within the circle of ourselves, by accepting the law of

RELIGION

the definitive negative, I am *not*; and the way to separate the female from the male, expressing each to the full flower of freedom by keeping them in relationship, while accepting both sides of the rhythm of the sexual antithesis. Hysteria is the index of our inability thus to contain ourselves and to trust the woman that is within us all, both men and women. It is the false assumption by anxiety of B instead of A, of male instead of female, of defendedness instead of undefendedness; for it refuses to take the more passive place of accepted danger, which is the law of sexual polarity. If there is to be fertility, there must be the danger of this difference, without which there can be no movement and no growth. Sex or section, to be alive is dangerous, but that is no good cause to run away. Therefore hysteria is not the prerogative only of 'neurotics'; it is part of the idolatry of action, which includes thought, with its excessive masculine pseudo-scientific materialism. It is the antithesis of the role of true womanhood, with its sublime mystery of power in repose.

'What shall we do to be saved—or at least to save others?' When there is danger abroad this is the anxious cry not only of neurotics. The question may seem reasonable and right enough, for, when it is obvious that so much needs to be done, surely we must do all that we can for our less fortunate brothers and sisters, for society and for civilization? Have we no responsibility for them, that we talk so easily of the virtues of inaction? Yes, of course we have: but the dual points of our dilemma only frame the ques-

RELIGION

tion how best to do the job which requires our help. If we can be of use and wish to help, which is to be the better way?

The simple but apparently more direct way of benevolent interference has this disadvantage, that more harm has probably been done by the urgent action of our sense of duty with its flight from fact, than by the single purpose of our cruel intentions. In spite of all impatient pleas for action which have met with generous response (for it often takes more courage to refrain), the unwanted facts remain for the most part as unsatisfactory as ever, for change is not best fostered by impatience. The open sores of civilization remain open for all the irritation they have received, and in the main the closed ones still remain shut. Red herrings and scapegoats are the most popular objects of the hunt, for action is the best way to escape from unbearable pain. Debates, conferences and committees are in practice found to be as good a way as any other of getting nothing done. When prophecy is crime, and inaction accused only of laziness, it is not to be wondered at that, in all the welter of action, foresight is not seen to the fore.

The handicap of progress is that the wrong people gather round the right thing. They are so anxious to get something done, but there is no way that is infallible, and action is no panacea. Something certainly needs to be done, but what shall we do? In spite of all temptation to the contrary, so often the answer, at first, must be nothing: it is enough to use our senses fully, to see and feel, so that we may make

RELIGION

some open undefended contact with the truth. And we should keep alone, so that relationship may be felt more keenly. At this important point of learning, we must curb our anxious urgency, learning at first only to sit back and wait. For responsiveness is more than responsibility.

The greatest contribution which we can make to our Society is by being *Self* in largest sense, for in the long run what is best for one is best for all, and the right kind of selfishness is a very desirable thing. The solution of every problem, whether of self, society or civilization, is by education, which gives us growth in the way of understanding through discrimination, tolerance and love. Both for men and women, surely what we all need is greater courage of our convictions (or more A of B), more creative force and originality, more self-respect and self-reliance. But it requires the woman to make the man: and the deepest source of charm in all he-men is their feminine intuition, without which there cannot be a satisfactory lover. We all need to become stronger in the 'woman's' way, that thus we may become better 'men'.

There is some sanity even in hysteria; this uneasy B-ishness is not altogether bad, for it does interpret in its own way an aspect of reality. Hysteria treats B as if it were A: it tries to ignore the laws of space-time limits and resents the irksomeness of a tempered incarnation. Like mysticism, it demands the freedom of the Absolute: although the difference is not usually difficult to detect, it is always hard to describe, for they are divided by a hair's breadth of discrimination.

RELIGION

Both hysteria and mysticism feel the need for being and touching 'God', the matter of whose denomination is utterly unimportant: the difference is one of direction, for the mystic makes a 'yes' of the hysteric's 'no'. Pseudo-scientists, however, who are accustomed to value insanity from the standpoint of sanity and feel content that this is the whole of truth, class mysticism and hysteria as the same, each being a 'bad thing'. This is only another example of a tendency to effect a false simplification by throwing out the baby with the bath water; which it is a necessary act of discrimination to avoid. It is true that there is idolatry in hysteria and that there is much hysteria in false mysticism; but all the idolatry of hysteria and false mysticism combined is no more than the idolatry of the false scientist, who cannot discriminate between what is idolatry and what is not.

Labels are so satisfying to B-worshippers: but they are easy to manipulate by motive. It is impossible to claim that anything is good with the assurance that it cannot be made bad by the first person who chooses to misunderstand its meaning. But if we are to claim virtues and label them as good, let these be Courage and Generosity, for their positive attitude towards life. For definition: 'Courage is the force required to overcome the desire for flight' and 'Generosity is willingness to accept the law of circulation'. Then we can allot courage as the specially needed virtue of women and generosity as that most required by men. But since man is both male and female, let him have generosity first and courage second; and since woman

RELIGION

is both female and male, let her also have them both, but courage for her is more than generosity. With these two they can face the reality even of each other.

When we use the principle of the two-ness of A and B, the distinction between science and religion is more apparent than real, because 'forgiveness' is the starting point and essential principle of the scientific method. If we are to live up to this high calling, we must take things as they are, unceasingly accepting them, prepared to forgive them (and also our own inefficient selves) for not being what we want them to be. We must learn to be tolerant of and desireless for our Me-selves, because this tranquil and undogmatic attitude is the beginning of the way of the scientific method. But the way is the same for all: as for the scientist so for the parson, as for the saint so for the sinner, as for the parent so for the child. Any distinction is arbitrary, artificial, unnecessary and due to a false hypothesis of fixed absolutes; and the misunderstanding is probably possessed of some personal advantage. For our efficiency as partners in a relationship, we must all learn forgiveness and the play technique.

We are this two-ness of female and male, and we have a foot in both these worlds of A and B, or spirit and matter. Between these two pillars is placed the Seat of Judgement, and from that seat, as we survey our two horizons, so we may develop poise of character and a well-balanced mind. But there are even two kinds of balance, for saints and sinners are balanced too: in fact, all is balanced one way or another. To be

RELIGION

'ill-balanced' is to keep up a semblance of security by means of greed and apprehension; but this way of being calls constantly for intolerant action, at someone else's expense, to maintain the Self's stability from threatened loss. On the other hand, to be 'well balanced' is to be balanced internally, within the limits of an inclusive negative, self-contained, A within B, both sides accepted and neither raised above the other. Then the balance between the self and the not-self is made more easy, for it cannot do better than obey this same law, that again both sides may be equally accepted.

It is in this way, through this act of double acceptance, that we find the middle path, and from our Seat of Judgement can look left at A, look right at B, thus making that vital act of discrimination, This is not That. From this act of analysis is born the moving child of any consequence. Having moved so far in understanding, we can then go a step further, for we can see that between these opposite poles of A and B there is continuity, where at first there seemed to be only conflict. These apparent antitheses, which seemed at first sight to be so unfriendly, as black and white, male and female, life and death, are not only opposites; they are also continuous, manifesting their differences as related parts of the wholeness of our experience. There is yet a final stage of understanding which comes as the resultant unity of an accepted dualism: we find that these two antitheses, about which so much fuss has been made in separating the antagonists, are not really so different after all. The

RELIGION

seeming difference is but an illusion, for A and B are the same, *being only images of each other inverted as in a mirror*. This is the final unity of all understanding, and the peace that passes on beyond: but it is essential first to discriminate their difference, or we cannot make that final step of wisdom which recognizes their identity.

Pressed forward at the growing point of our experience, between the opposing forces of past and future, the most that we can do is to see that this ever-changing *now* is full of our own meaning, presenting as nearly as possible the image of Eternity within the wholeness of each limited experience. Thus each moment may become the flame of its own movement; each subject, truth—each object, beauty. There is no need for other purpose to give ulterior motive to the meaning of our lives. As we move onwards through the changing phases of this ageing *now*, and as Time passes from childhood through maturity to old age and death, so by the Middle Way, through the wholeness of our attitude towards experience, we may attain to Life more abundantly.

INDEX

- A and B, dualism of, 19, 38
et seq., 128, 181, 221
- Acceptance, 50, 73, 75, 90,
 95, 139, 200, 227
- Accuracy, 50
- Accusative attitude, the,
 227, 228
- Action, 40, 61
- Action, idolatry of, 172,
 244
- Adaptability, 195, 242
- Anæsthetics, 201
- Analysis, 56, 59, 81, 82, 87,
 103, 144, 147, 173, 174,
 227
- Analysis, meaning of, 173
et seq.
- Anchor, 48, 49, 65
- Antithesis, continuity of,
 249
- Antithesis, identity of, 249
- Anxiety, 67, 74, 78, 106,
 107, 116, 127, 135, 154
- Apple, 142
- Apprehensiveness, 135, 224
- Art, 146, 155, 218, 220, 230
- Art and Science, relation-
 ship of, 32
- Art, purpose of, 230
- Athanasian Creed, 47, 231
- Balance, 53, 64, 71, 74, 85,
 100, 124, 165, 174, 177,
 188, 191, 235, 249
- Beauty and the Beast, 113
- Bishops, 228
- Body and mind, relation-
 ship of, 180
- Bodymind, 181, 184
- Boredom, 83
- British Journal of Medical
 Psychology.* 158
- Buddhism, 29, 233, 236
- Burning, 27, 81, 121, 127,
 218, 229, 237
- C, 47 *et seq.*, 55, 66, 129,
 147, 157, 165, 212, 231,
 232, 236
- 'Canticle to the Sun', 238
- Causal Fallacy, The*, 30
- Cause, 25, 27, 42, 166, 182
- Christianity, 233, 236
- Circle, 37 *et seq.*
- Circle and Square, 69, 148,
 218, 221, 236

INDEX

- Circulation, 31, 120
- Comparativeness, 50
- Competitiveness, 50, 79, 80, 107, 118
- Concentration, 60, 93
- Conflict, 25, 73, 95, 150
- Conversion, 165, 232
- Co-operation, 80
- Corporal Tune*, 207
- Coué, 87
- Courage, 81, 247
- Cowboy, 115
- Creation, 47
- Crime, 151 *et seq.*
- Cross, 69, 235
- Crucifixion, 220, 236
- Crustacean character, 79
- Culture, 129
- Cure, 91, 190

- Danger, 137
- David and Goliath, 80
- Death, 61, 120, 187, 203 *et seq.*
- Death, experience of, 204 *et seq.*
- Death, fear of, 201, 206
- Decay, 66
- Defensive negative, 188, 193
- Design, 28
- Desire, 88 *et seq.*, 91, 99, 106, 127, 130, 134, 153, 168
- Desirelessness, 98, 100
- Devil, 216
- Diagrams, 27

- Disease, 123, 190 *et seq.*
- Dis-ease, 25, 59, 69, 104, 107, 122, 186, 190, 195, 215
- Disappointment, 81, 83, 85, 118
- Disarmament, 137
- Discrimination, 150, 151
- Dishonesty, 124
- Divinity, teaching of, 237
- Doctors, idolatry in, 199
- Dragons, 111, 112, 113
- Dreams, 27, 68, 170, 205, 206, 208
- Dualism, 60, 164, 169, 233
- Dunne, J. W., 170

- East and West, 172, 209, 210
- Economic morality, 125
- Eddington, Sir Arthur, 164
- Education, 125 *et seq.*
- Ego, 44
- Egoism, Egotism, 58, 98
- Emauton, 44, 56
- Enemies, loving of, 138, 177
- Escapologist, 188, 203
- Eternity, 16, 39, 65, 131 *et seq.*, 250
- Experiment with Time, An*, 170
- External aspect of reality, 39, 44, 142

- Fair treatment, 103
- Faith, 134

INDEX

- False assumption, 75, 80, 189, 244
 Fatigue, 81, 83, 84
 Fear, 74, 81, 106, 136, 148, 176, 226
 Female, 46, 63, 173, 217, 243, 244, 247
 Fighting, analysis of, 95, 98
 Flight, 74, 96, 106, 176, 187, 228, 242
 Forgiveness, 248
 Freedom, 43, 121, 123
 Freud, Sigmund, 173

 Generosity, 247
 God, analysis of attitude towards, 216, 224

 Half-truths, 33, 65, 72
 Hell, 191, 215
 Heroism, 109, 110
 Hope, 48, 65
 'Humanimal', 182
 Hypothesis, 54, 162, 230
 Hysteria, 243 *et seq.*

 I am, 50, 57, 185, 238, 242
 Idea (Platonic), 41
 Idealism, 108
 Identification, 74, 76, 187, 192
 Idolatries, medical, 196
 Idolatry, 15, 37, 45, 51, 64, 74, 96, 116, 122, 126, 199, 217, 229
 Idolatry in religion, 217
 Ignorance, 165, 176, 232
 Illusion, 44
 Immorality, 149
 Immunity of undefendedness, 195
 Impartiality, 19, 104 *et seq.*
 Inaccuracy, 150
 Incarnation, 111, 134
 Indiscriminateness, 149
 Inferiority, 81, 83, 238
 Inferiority complex, 74
 Instincts, 184
 Intolerance, 149, 161, 228
 Intuition, 173, 209, 221

 Judgment, 55
 Judgment, seat of, 248
 Jung, 157, 160
 Jujitsu, 177, 209 *et seq.*, 240

 Kindness, 200

 Language, 16, 25, 32, 45, 86, 120, 221, 224, 226, 229
 Law, 21, 26, 46, 54, 87, 98
 Laziness, 172
 Liberty, 97, 108, 192
 Lighthouse, 55, 66, 92, 99, 128
 Logos, 54
 Love, 76, 94, 101

 Magic, 74, 113, 208, 221, 223
 Male, 41, 63, 243, 247

INDEX

- Mediator, 20, 66, 73, 104, 219, 236
- Medicine, 179 *et seq.*
- Medicine, morality of, 189, 200
- Memory, 122
- Metaphysics, 20, 39, 42
- Middle Way, 47, 66, 139, 217, 233, 250
- Mind, 15, 20, 25
- Miracles, 220
- Missionaries, 111, 112, 178
- Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, 158
- Money, 124
- Morality, 21, 200
- Morality and Reality*, 29, 30, 149
- Movement, source of, 186
- Mysticism, 42, 45, 246
- 'Nerves', 95, 134, 186, 191, 199
- Nicole, J. E., 158
- No-time, 39, 132
- Non-sense, 39, 42
- Now, 61
- Nurses, idolatry in, 196
- Observer, 19, 153
- One-ness, 164
- Onion-skin, layers of, 52, 182
- Pain, 201
- Paradox, 26, 46, 53, 77, 94, 117, 119, 136
- Philosophy, 145, 180
- Philosophy, purpose of, 230
- Play, 139, 240 *et seq.*, 248
- Pleasure principle, 216
- Plus and Minus, 185
- Politics, 107
- Positive and negative poles, 41, 43, 146, 185
- Possessiveness, 117, 121, 228
- Prayer, 238
- Progress, 245
- Proof, 164, 167
- Prophecy, 170, 245
- Prostitutes, 228
- Psycho-analysis, 166, 173
- Psychology, 20, 22, 33, 37, 173
- Psychotherapy, 90, 100
- Purpose, 25, 154, 156, 200, 230, 238, 241
- Reality, 20, 44, 143, 153, 164, 169, 173
- Reality principle, 216
- Reference, frame of, 84
- Rejection, 107
- Relativity, 26, 29, 171
- Relaxation, 90
- Religion, 51, 155, 213 *et seq.*
- Religion, purpose of, 230
- Religion, teaching of, 237 *et seq.*
- Repose, 40
- Resistance, 138

INDEX

- Responsiveness, 168, 172, 228, 246
- Reversed effort, law of, 87
- Revulsion, 26, 93, 149
- Rights, 97, 103
- Sacrifice, 218, 220
- St. Francis, 238
- Saint George, 108 *et seq.*
- Salvation, 233, 244
- Science, 18, 54, 66, 141 *et seq.*
- Science, definition of, 142
- Science, pure and applied, 155
- Science, purpose of, 230
- Science and Art, 32
- Scientific method, the, 19, 36, 53, 153, 168, 172, 212, 215, 223
- Scientific method, reversibility, of, 23
- Security, 121, 134
- Self, 44 *et seq.*, 56 *et seq.*
- Self-centred, 59
- Selfishness, 57, 229, 149, 246
- Self-pity, 103
- Self-suggestion, 87
- Sensorial handicap, 51, 58, 161
- Sentimentality, 153
- Serialism, 169
- Sex as idolatry, 174
- Sexes, 41, 63, 176
- Sin, 149, 228
- Sleep, 43, 61, 84
- Smoking, 88
- Society, 103 *et seq.*
- Soul, 56, 57, 157, 184, 229
- Space-time, 133, 182
- Specialists, 199
- Speed, 118, 130
- Spiral, 27
- Spiritual, 40, 42
- Steam-roller, 69
- Strong, L. A. G., 207
- Subjective reality, 21
- Suggestion, 166
- Suicide, 203
- Superstition, 48, 50, 157
- Sympathy, 192, 193
- Symptoms, 188, 209
- Tao, 29, 166
- Tao Te Ching, 166
- Teacher, 127
- Tension, 191, 194
- Time, 61, 130 *et seq.*, 168 *et seq.*
- Time, definition of, 171
- Time in medicine, 171
- Too trying, 94
- Treatment, methods of, 166
- Truth, 18, 26, 34, 203
- Two-ness, 44, 64
- Umbilical cord, 135
- Undefendedness, 138
- Unity, 32, 49, 77, 130, 230, 250
- Utopia, 85, 108, 201

INDEX

- Vera's dream, 68
Waley, Arthur, 166
Way and its Power, The, 29, 166
Wheel of life, 40
Wholeness, 34, 49, 143, 242, 250
Will power, 86 *et seq.*
Wisdom, 93, 122
Wish-fulfilment, 216
Words, use of, 16, 36, 38, 223
Yoga, 55





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